



JOHN STRANGE WINTER





Very Truly Yours
John Change Winters.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

A VOLUME OF PERSONAL RECORD

BY

OLIVER BAINBRIDGE

AUTHOR OF

"INDIA TO-DAY," "THE BALKAN TANGLE," "RAMBLES IN THOUGHTLAND,"
"THE HEART OF CHINA," "THE LESSON OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PEACE CENTENARY,"
"THE IDEAL CITIZEN," ETC., ETC.

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

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PREFACE

WHEN the busy and honourable life of John Strange Winter closed, full of sweet memories, cherished friendships, the devotion of children, and the respect of society, I felt that some little tribute should be paid to a great woman and her influence, in addition to an appreciation of her literary work.

John Strange Winter was interested in the welfare of mankind and active in promoting it; she, in a word, sought to do good rather than to get good. If it was ever in her power to communicate happiness in any form, to wipe away the tears of distress, to allay the corroding fear, to comfort, to help, to guide, to encourage, to inspire anyone, she speedily set about it, and became a living fountain of joy to herself and of good to others.

OLIVER BAINBRIDGE.

FOREWORD

MR. OLIVER BAINBRIDGE has done well, even at this tremendous crisis in the world's history—when a far greater and more important war of liberation against arrogance, tyranny, and slavery is in progress than that which brought Napoleon to his knees in 1814, and when the tremendous issues of Liberty and Serfdom are in the balance, and when the thoughts of all of us, who are worthy to be called British go out to our heroic soldiers and sailors, who are risking their lives every day for the honour and security of our country—by giving us the life-story of John Strange Winter, who from her earliest years loved our soldiers, and came to know what really simple, kind-hearted, humane, law-abiding, and withal courageous and daring fellows they are, in no way slavish automatons like the soldiers of the Kaiser, driven like sheep by officers whom they loathe

and fear. The British soldier can think for himself, and is encouraged to do so as far as discipline allows by his officers, whom, as a rule, he loves and admires, and whom he will follow anywhere to the death. Belittled and slighted by self-seeking politicians and dreaming pacifists in time of peace, often even insulted by shoddy orators who point out his uselessness and urge the reduction of our armed strength, he patiently abides his time, and when war, the greatest curse that can befall humanity, does come, then he arises in his might, and shows what Sir William Napier, the soldier-historian of the Peninsular War, described as the *majesty* of the British soldier.

John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard, *née* Palmer) was, as Mr. Bainbridge relates, brought up in a military atmosphere at York, where her father, a clergyman, formerly an officer of the Royal Artillery, lived, and associated much with officers of the venerable old cathedral town; so that the subject of this biography, when a child, had unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the characters who were destined to play such a prominent part in her popular novels. Her sense of humour

and her powers of imagination were developed very early in life, which showed that she was more than a normal being; in fact she was endowed with all the qualities and attributes which go to make a great writer of romance, and the world of letters is decidedly poorer than it should have been, because she stopped short in her literary career at an age when many writers are only just launched on this capricious and changing sea.

What can be more charming than "Bootles' Baby," a story alike for young and old? In it the authoress shows herself to be intensely human and sympathetic with her fellow-creatures, both in their joys and sorrows. One wonders why her fluent pen, her sense of humour, and her innate knowledge of the bright side of human nature did not prompt her to write many more similar books. Not that she ceased writing, for she was an intense worker to the last and an ardent practical philanthropist who loved her fellow-creatures, and who, like the martyred nurse, Edith Cavell, from the deep red stain of whose murder Germany can never be washed clean, John Strange Winter practised throughout her life the highest of all divine precepts, and did everything within

her power to lessen the sufferings of humanity. Well may one apply to her these lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

“ So many Gods, so many creeds;
So many paths that wind and wind;
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.”

She did indeed understand the truth of the precept therein involved, and, what is more, practised it.

Her kindly heart was not only open to mankind, but as might be expected from one who treasured mercy and abhorred cruelty, she was also a champion of dumb animals. The author gives many instances which show that John Strange Winter was full of the milk of human kindness, and displayed the broadest character to all living things which came within her ken. Many persons will differ from her as to the strong attitude she took up against vivisection in any form, but no one will doubt that her views on the subject emanated from the kindness of her heart and her horror of the sufferings of others. No one would venture to suggest that she was a crank or a fanatic.

Mr. Bainbridge relates many incidents to

show that she was possessed of remarkable courage, and that she on more than one occasion ran great risks in defending the victims of brutal bullies. She always yearned to assist the weak, the old, the suffering, and the helpless, and now she has her reward "in the Land of the Hereafter, in one of those many mansions," prepared for those who do good and no evil to their fellows while on earth. Such a person was bound to be broad-minded in her views, and one can well imagine her horror and disgust at the conduct of a certain clergyman who actually refused to bury an infant in consecrated ground because it had not been baptized. Doubtless this eminent divine would not have refused this privilege, if such it can be called, to a hoary old sinner saturated up to the last with vice and selfishness! In his letter to her Archdeacon Sinclair administers a proper rebuke to the narrow-minded, bigoted ecclesiastic.

There is nothing sensational to record in the life of John Strange Winter, but it is one full of interest, for it was that of a woman excellent in all relations of life, one of great industry, versatility, and usefulness, a life which we one and all should admire and be guided by.

May Mr. Bainbridge's kindly and thorough story of this life be widely read, and help to preserve the memory of that most gifted authoress, John Strange Winter.

ALFRED E. TURNER.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. JOHN STRANGE WINTER . . .	1
II. MRS. STANNARD'S LOVE OF ANIMALS .	20
III. MRS. STANNARD'S COURAGE . . .	36
IV. MRS. STANNARD'S CHARITIES . . .	42
V. MRS. STANNARD AS AN AUTHOR . . .	71
VI. THE ANTI-CRINOLINE CRUSADE . . .	110
VII. LIFE AT DIEPPE	122
VIII. MAN <i>v.</i> WOMAN	135
IX. MRS. STANNARD GOES INTO TRADE . . .	150
MRS. STANNARD CROSSES THE SILENT OCEAN	161

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	TO FACE PAGE
JOHN STRANGE WINTER	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MRS. PALMER AND HENRIETTA	32
THE REV. MR. PALMER	32
MR. ARTHUR STANNARD	48
MR. ELIOT STANNARD	96
MISS AUDREY STANNARD	64
MISS MIGNON STANNARD	112
MRS. STANNARD AND NANCY	128
FACSIMILE OF RUSKIN LETTER	80

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

CHAPTER I

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

IMAGINE the painful monotony of a whole library of uniformly bound books! Think of shelf after shelf of grey or green, brown or yellow backs staring at you whichever way you turned! No matter how rich the leather or how elaborate the workmanship, the iteration would be irritating and depressing. You would long to rip off a back here and there, or to have even a few gaudily covered volumes in order to relieve the eye from a wearisome gazing upon sameness. Conventionality is acceptable up to a certain limit; beyond that limit—which will vary according to circumstances—it degenerates

into tediousness. But uniformity in woman is more undesirable even than uniformity in material things; and happily there are no two women exactly similar. Still, for the most part the family likeness is strong. There are social groups and divisions and subdivisions, the members of which think and act tantalizingly alike, and seem to do their best deliberately to resemble one another.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Stannard leaned towards the conventional uniformity of her sisters, for she was a determined rebel against hard and fast lines or licence.

Mrs. Stannard was born in the ancient city of York on January 13, 1856. She was the only daughter of the Rev. H. V. Palmer, who lived in a pleasant house called "The Cottage," within a stone's throw of the York Cavalry Barracks. Mr. Palmer was a descendant of the Palmers of Wingham, through Sir Roger Palmer, afterwards Lord Castlemaine. Previous to entering holy orders, Mr. Palmer had been for

some time an officer in the Royal Artillery, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having also belonged to the Army. Among the ancestresses of the Palmers was the famous actress, Hannah Pritchard, to whose memory a monument was erected in Westminster Abbey. The portraits of this lady show that John Strange Winter inherited a strong resemblance to her.

Mr. Palmer was a great favourite with his soldier neighbours, and "The Cottage" became a frequent rendezvous of gallant cavalry men, who certainly never dreamed that their traits of character and peculiar mannerisms were years after to be so truthfully recorded for the delectation of millions of readers by the little girl who was so often to be found with their host. Here, doubtless, the real "Ferrers," "Captain Lucy," and the rest of them lived and moved in actual life, and romped with the real "Mignon."

From the first she moved amidst a fanfare

of trumpets, and within ear of the bugle-call; and often she would watch the long files drilling at Fulford, or gaze on the troops as they manoeuvred on Knavesnure.

And she would hear much of soldiers, too. Her father would tell her stories about the prowess of her ancestors, and so it is not to be wondered at that she should write of the soldier—yes, and such stories as no one has ever written of him before or since.

In speaking of her childhood Mrs. Stannard says: "I never missed an opportunity of playing truant and attending a review. Races also were my keen delight, and I would ostensibly go to school, in reality watch a big race from some safe and unseen coign of vantage.

"Girl-children I did not like. Boys were my playmates. I had one girl pal, though, older than myself, whom I got on with awfully well. She and I confiscated some eggs, hard-boiled them, and made up our minds to have a perfectly glorious day at the races. But the rain

it rained, and we crouched under a railway arch and ate our hard-boiled eggs, and made the best of our way to school. I had a great idea of creature comforts, and, even to see a big race, did not mean to get drenched to the skin.

“I always read. Why, when I was a creature of five I read—well, I won’t tell you what I read. I think I was two and a quarter when I read aloud from a poetry book to a tax collector whom I found waiting in the hall. I suppose I thought I would beguile the tedium of his waiting.

“I adored dressing up, as most children do. But I think the reason why I so strongly loved it was because I had play-acting blood in my veins. A parson on the one hand, an actress on the other.

“I believe in heredity. It comes out, too; it is bound to do so.

“I remember when I was about four years old, waiting in the hall one Sunday morning for

my mother to come down and take me to church. I held my mother's Prayer-Book, and started singing the *Te Deum* at the top of my childish voice. I think that my mother must have been long in coming, for I went on to 'O all ye fowls of the air.'

"From the age of four, incredulous though it may seem, I was an insatiable novel reader. Toys I had not, neither did I wish for any. I did have two dolls, however, and one of them I kept until I was twenty-six.

"At fourteen I sent my first literary venture into the wide world. How well I remember it! Its title was 'Clotilde's Vengeance,' or 'The Story of the French Revolution' (I don't think I was very sure which, but fancy I gave the '93 the preference), and there was a great deal of golden hair, silver broidery (I had been reading Ouida, and had borrowed a good many of her terms), beautiful blue eyes, glazed in death, and such-like. I remember at the end there was a dreadful scene of a fisher girl (what

she was doing in Paris would be hard to say), who had been the servant in the house of the noble lover of the golden-haired aristocrat, and who, after the death of both on the guillotine, played football with her fair head. This pleasant young lady was Clotilde, brown as a berry, with flashing black eyes, and shining braids of dusky hair. At the distance of time I will not be very sure, but I would think I borrowed the plot from Ouida as well as the phraseology.

“Such was ‘Clotilde’s Vengeance.’ Oh! the care and the pains I bestowed upon it; how I wrote and copied and touched up! How I mended here and there by gumming little slips of paper over a wrong word, and writing the proper one thereon! And then I went to a newspaper shop, and I looked out a nice suitable paper for it, and I chose—what do you think? *Wedding Bells*. Only think of it! The intense pathos of a child of fourteen, who had spent so much time and care and thought, choosing such a haven for such a venture. As I look

back I pity myself. 'Poor little girl,' I sent it, but I never heard any more of it. It was like the pathetic old woman in one of Ouida's books ('Tricotrin') surely, who said her sons all went to Paris, but they never came back."

It was in the autumn of 1883 that Miss Palmer met her husband, Arthur Stannard, while on a visit to his father, Robert Stannard, of Derwent House, Howden, and became engaged to him in five days. Four months later, February 26, 1884, they were married, and Mrs. Stannard enthusiastically declared that she had the best husband in the world.

The railer at love's smoothness will always have the noisiest share of the argument, for happiness does not vaunt itself. The greater, therefore, is the reason why somebody should extol it and assert the truth, which is that, where a man and woman are happily mated, the rich contentment of their years together is infinitely more engrossing—though young

people will not believe it—than the romantic months of courtship.

Mrs. Stannard's marriage was quite one of the successes of her career. Never was there a more delightful realization of married blessedness, for it provided for her the most charming of all companionships. The best enjoyments are confirmed and doubled when they are shared, and with whom can they be so fruitfully shared, as with a wife or husband? A mood that we would not miss may sometimes come to us with greater impressiveness when we are alone; but it is a fugitive visiting, and, if we indulge it, the next step is to become moody, which is a very different thing. Apart from the moods of the pensive and fanciful, there is far less to be gained by solitariness than by seeing the world side by side with a congenial companion, with whom impressions may be compared as they arrive, and then stored as in a common memory. And who, pray, can so faithfully fulfil these conditions of mutual

helpfulness as the husband and wife, whose natures are complementary to one another ?

The essence of happiness in married life is self-sacrifice, and in the practice of this both man and woman find their characters raised and ennobled.

The first year of married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and the husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else, conjuring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities for ever afterward. "I have somewhere read," says Rev. Mr. Wise, in his "Bridal Greetings," "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after their wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed, 'Pull the line.'

"She pulled it at his request, as far as she could.

"He cried, 'Pull it over.'

" 'I can't,' she replied.

" 'But pull with all your might,' shouted the whimsical husband.

"But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease.

" 'There !' said he, as the line fell from the roof, 'you see how hard and ineffectual was our labour when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it was when we pulled together ! It will be thus with us, my dear, through life. If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us always pull together.' "

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife

must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of bliss and joy. One alone cannot make home happy. There must be unison of action, meekness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the end of happiness in the domestic circle.

Mr. Stannard, who was an excellent man of business, managed all his wife's affairs. When they were married in 1884, Mr. Stannard was under engagement to proceed to Brazil as an engineer in charge of the construction of the North Brazilian sugar factories, at £1,000 a year, on behalf of a firm of contractors with whom he had been connected for some years.

While waiting for sailing orders Government troubles in Brazil disturbed the guarantee to the concessions, the contractors went bankrupt, and Mr. Stannard was suddenly without employment. While seeking a new sphere he interested himself in disposing of unsold MSS. in Mrs. Stannard's possession.

These brought an immense influx upon the author of correspondence and work of all kinds, far beyond the capacity of any one woman to cope with. Mr. Stannard naturally dealt with the business part and henceforward found incessant work in this, while Mrs. Stannard devoted herself assiduously to writing, in order to confirm and maintain the success she had so suddenly attained. For ten years she had been accustomed to rapid output, and by having to give no thought to the disposal of her work, she was able to sustain the burden of production, the cares of a young family, and the many claims made upon a genial and successful woman.

It took some years to attain an income equal to her needs, as Mrs. Stannard was much sought after, and the temptations of social life were irresistible; in fact it seemed most desirable and necessary to her that she should give outward confirmation to her success by living in accord with it. In truth the great difficulty of her life

was to resist the claims made on her by reason of her popularity, which were always in advance of her income.

At the time of her first success, Mr. Stannard, after long seeking, had been offered a position with the Great Western Railway Company, but, as it would have involved residence in Cornwall, he felt that he could not take Mrs. Stannard from the centre of her world at the moment everything in her career seemed to make absence a bar to a brilliant future. It was clear that she would miss more than the salary he could earn.

Much as he would have liked to follow his profession, he could not reasonably so imperil her future, and he declined the opening with the intention of seeking a London engagement.

As time went on it was obvious that he could not do this without injury to her interests and abandoning to some extent a delightful partnership in which he took the greatest pride, and so he decided to forsake his profession.

Mrs. Stannard had four children. The first was a daughter christened Audrey, to which Noel was added because she was born on Christmas Day (1884). Then came twins, a boy and a girl, who were named Eliot and Violet Mignon, after two of their mother's creations in fiction.

The announcement that John Strange Winter, the well-known novelist, had presented her husband with twins was the first intimation that the skilled writer of military life was of the fairer sex.

The news of the happy event brought the following letter to Mr. Stannard from John Ruskin:

March 2, 1888.

MY DEAREST ARTHUR,

This is lovely news indeed—twins always are so nice to each other when they are brother and sister, and it's such a mercy they're all so well. I was anxious, for I thought she had been fussing and working and seeing too many people.

I'm so very thankful on my own part that my note gave her pleasure. I'll write as soon as she gets downstairs.

Ever your loving,

JOHN RUSKIN.

The *New Age* suggested that one be christened "Bootles' Baby," and the other "Hoop-la"! But this suggestion was immediately upset by Mr. Ruskin, who in reply to Mrs. Stannard's letter asking him to appear in a new character, that being as godfather to the twins, said:

DEAREST LIONNE,

I am indeed glad to see your paw again, and I don't mind being godfather to Gemini—for once, on condition of your calling one Adam George, and the other Eve Rosamond! (mond, not mund). I'm much better and getting on with good work.

Ever your ARCTURUS.

The fourth child was a girl who was christened Olive Nancy Margaret Louise Henrietta Josephine. Mrs. Stannard's life gave the lie direct to the assertion that a literary woman is "above" the sentiments, for she displayed the very highest qualities of the heart and intellect in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of her children.

She considered it was a mother's duty especially to study the inclinations of her children—to keep back no good aspiration, to check no useful talent, however mediocre it may seem to her; it may be the stepping-stone to something higher.

Mrs. Stannard believed that women accomplished their best work in the quiet seclusion of their home and family by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. The only permanent realization of happiness—so far as anything human can be permanent—will be found in married blessedness in a true home. Home means rest, familiarity, love, truth, a

fruitful waste of time, self-forgetfulness, a thousand acts of happy self-sacrifice. It is true life, the end-in-itself, for which almost everything is a mere instrument of preparation. It is an old-fashioned doctrine, but none the less true. The home is the crystal of society, the nucleus of national character, and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles, and maxims which govern public as well as private life.

The nation comes from the nursery; public opinion itself is, for the most part, the outgrowth of the home, and the best philanthropy comes from the fireside.

I remember one afternoon, several years ago, when we were talking about children, Mrs. Stannard saying that she agreed with Carmen Sylva, who said that she "would rather become a weeping rock like Niobe, than never have been a mother." She told with pardonable pride many stories of her children, one of which I remember quite distinctly. It appears that

when Audrey was a little toddler of four, that she came into the den where her mother was writing and said, "Me want to w'ite." Her mother gave her a pencil and a piece of paper, but that did not satisfy her, so she continued, "Me want to w'ite wif ink." "But, darling, I can't let you now, as I am busy," urged mamma. "Dada would let me w'ite wif ink," pursued the literary young lady. "Yes," answered her mother, "He would, but mamma must write herself, and can't help Beaufie now." "Why do you write, mamma?" questioned the eager little lips, and Mrs. Stannard half-jokingly explained, "When mamma writes she takes her writings to Tommy's dada (her publisher, Tommy being one of Beaufie's playmates), who gives mamma money, so that she can buy bread and butter for Beaufie." "Then, mamma," said this perspicuous little beauty, "I'd rather have cake."

CHAPTER II

MRS. STANNARD'S LOVE OF ANIMALS

MRS. STANNARD loved cats, and held that these nocturnal animals of musical tendencies were badly treated when compared with dogs and horses. If ever she saw a stray or starving cat she always picked it up and carried it home. This fact became quite a joke among her neighbours, and if they found a stray cat they invariably dropped it over her garden wall.

Such proceeding would have completely cured most people of any sympathy with cats, but Mrs. Stannard, with characteristic good humour, used to say, "Well, after all, I've brought it on myself, and it makes very little difference whether the neighbours drop the cat over my garden wall or not, because had I been the first

to see it, I should have undoubtedly brought it home."

Mrs. Stannard did not adopt the hordes of cats that she rescued; but if the condition of any of them was hopeless, she had them put to death. She would often nurse a sick cat back to health, and keep it until she could find a home for it. This gave rise on one occasion to a very dear friend of hers, who had been asked to tea, accepting the invitation on the condition that she was not merely being asked down to adopt some cat that had been found.

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of Mrs. Stannard's love of cats was shown in the summer of 1900, when she and her family were living in Dieppe. One morning they were awakened by the yells of a cat, and Mrs. Stannard roused her son, who rushed out in his pyjamas into the garden of the next house, where he found an emaciated cat lying prostrate under a bush, and three or four small French children amusing themselves by stoning

it. When Mrs. Stannard's son brought the cat into the house, his mother examined it, and found that its left hip was dislocated. Mrs. Stannard was advised by her husband to have the cat destroyed, as the space between its ears, which was only a finger's breadth, gave it the appearance of an idiot. Its neck was so thin that its poor skull appeared grotesquely out of proportion with the body. It had a ferocious disposition, and was so terrified that the faintest noise would cause it to spring out of the soundest sleep. It was always on the alert, always looking for ill-treatment and danger.

Mrs. Stannard paid a visit to all the chemists in Dieppe, but could not persuade any of them to come to the house and chloroform the cat, but they all said that if it was brought to them they would see that it was poisoned. Mrs. Stannard, fearing that they might vivisect the poor beast, or poison it in a painful fashion, determined to bring the cat back to England and have it lethalized in London. By the time

she left Dieppe the cat had improved wonderfully, and on reaching London Mrs. Stannard found herself becoming so fond of it that she daily put off its despatch.

One day Mrs. Stannard's daughter was talking to her with the cat lying across her shoulder, when suddenly it slipped, and Miss Stannard, in endeavouring to save it, caught it by its dislocated leg, there was a little report like a pistol shot, the cat gave one yelp, and Mrs. Stannard and her daughter were amazed to behold that by this extraordinary accident the dislocated leg had been set. From that moment the cat throve apace, the pinched-up look left it, its cough disappeared, its ferocious nature gradually changed to an interesting and grateful disposition, and it soon became a general favourite of the family.

About this time Mrs. Stannard was taken seriously ill, and the trained nurse told her husband that the cat must be put out of the way as she feared it was tubercular. Mr. Stannard

took it to a cats' home in West London, where they told him that it would be a crime to have the animal killed as there was nothing whatever the matter with it. He therefore left it *en pension* and returned home, and slipped into his wife's room while the nurse was out, and told her that he had left it at the home as a boarder. The cat continued to do well, and when Mrs. Stannard recovered sufficiently to leave her bed, was brought home again. But whenever the nurse, who was a great favourite with Mrs. Stannard, paid her a visit, the cat was carefully shut up so that she might not see it. About two years later, this nurse called unexpectedly, and to Mrs. Stannard's horror the cat walked straight into the room. The nurse immediately complimented Mrs. Stannard on her charming cat, and then noticed some resemblance in it to the one which she condemned as tubercular. "Of course, Mrs. Stannard," said the nurse, "the other poor beast would never have lived." Mrs. Stannard, with her cus-

tomary sense of humour, inquired of the nurse what would have happened to the other cat, and then told her that this was the same one.

During Mrs. Stannard's last illness the cat never left her. It is nearly fourteen years old, weighs $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and still plays with its tail. People not infrequently cry out that kittens are pretty, playful things, but that they lose the *gentillesse* and piquant prettiness of their youth when they degenerate into stupid cats. The complaint is unreasonable enough. The infantine Johnny Tomkins, who kicked, and crowed, and lisped funny, imperfect words, and made big eyes at his mother, can hardly be expected to repeat the performances some half-century after, when he is Tomkins and Co., perhaps the Mayor of the town, and a churchwarden of the parish to boot. Why, then, should sedate ten-year-old puss, who is getting rather stiff in the joints, and likes better and better the summer's bask, and the winter's warm, be expected to tumble over a ball of cotton, or to

lie on his back kicking at nothing at all, like his own son and heir, whom he gravely observes at these amusements, and sometimes tips over with his paw? Mr. Tomkins is not blamed for his mature dignity—why, then, should Mr. Puss? But the fact is that the playfulness of kitten-dom can be partially, particularly with healthy and good-tempered cats, kept up, by a little encouragement, even when they have grown into “potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs”; and that grim old grimalkins, who have drunk their morning’s milk for a dozen of years, can be induced to skip and roll and tumble in the most absurdly awkward mimicry of the small fry, which are indebted for the lacteal fluid to their mothers.

Dr. Johnson was a great lover of cats, as the following curious anecdote will show: Sitting in Bolt Court, by the fireside, with Bozzy on the one hand, Mrs. Williams on the other, and Hodge, the cat, for which he used to bring home oysters in his pocket, probably ensconced

upon the rug, the great old pundit, after hearing his pet somewhat depreciated, did agree that he had seen cleverer cats than Hodge; but suddenly correcting himself, as if (notes Bozzy) he experienced a kind of instinctive idea that the dumb creature at his feet had a notion of the depreciatory nature of his sentence, he made haste to relieve poor puss's feelings by adding, "But Hodge is a fine cat, sir—a very fine cat, indeed."

Burns's love of animals was associated with a robust outdoor life. What could be more frankly companionable than the spirit in which he describes the ploughman's collie?—

"His honest sousie bawsnt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place."

The note of genuine friendship is found in all Burns's allusions to the animals he loved. In his "unco' mournfu' tale" of his pet ewe he claims to have "lost a friend and neibor dear in Mailie dead."

“Through a’ the town she trotted by him,
A long half-mile she could descry him,
Wi’ kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi’ speed:
A friend mair faithfu’ ne’er cam nigh him
Than Mailie dead.”

To the mouse scampering from him in panic he is “thy poor earth-born companion and fellow-mortal,” and the wild birds are his fellow-creatures—

“Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?”

Mrs. Stannard’s love of animals was not only as robust as that of Burns, but more practical. When she was living in West Kensington her flat looked out upon a very sharp turning called Beaumont Crescent, where, throughout the year, cab-horses were continually falling down and breaking their knees. She approached the Fulham Borough Council with a view to relaying that particular part of the road, but her application was met with ridicule, and some of

the wise and gallant Borough Councillors thought fit to make it a subject of mirth at one of their meetings.

Mrs. Stannard, on hearing of this, commenced a brisk publicity controversy in the Press, and before many weeks had passed the Borough Council changed its tune, relaid the particular turning, and although Mrs. Stannard occupied the same flat for another two years, there was not a single case of a cab-horse falling. Shortly after the road was relaid, two horsey-looking men called on Mrs. Stannard, and explained that they were cab-drivers, and that each of them represented an adjacent rank, in whose name they had come to thank her for her action.

But of all writers who have delighted in animals, have understood their ways, and been understood by them, Scott easily takes the first place. There is something in the placid, leisurely course of unhampered animal life which accords with the unforced genius of Scott.

He gave a curious explanation of his kinship with the animal world. When spending a summer day in his old age among the crags where he had gathered strength as a cripple child, he described how he delighted, when quite a wee thing, to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and "the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life." Of the reciprocation of this sympathy by the dumb creatures themselves there are many stories. The friend who explored with him all the recesses of Liddesdale, when he was gathering the knowledge of the yeoman's life that is so delightfully portrayed in the descriptions of Dandie Dinmont and his surroundings, tells how, as sheriff, he was received with shamefaced ceremony by an honest Liddesdale yeoman until he was observed in the yard making acquaintance, as a kindred spirit, with a miscellaneous assortment of farm dogs,

whereat the host, freeing himself from constraint, exclaimed, "Just see him ! De'il ha'e me if I be a bit feared for him the noo !" Two or three pictures of Scott in the midst of his animals, given in Lockhart's "Life," have never been surpassed. Then there is the account of the grand hunting-party, in which Sir Humphry Davy and Henry Mackenzie—"the Man of Feeling"—joined, and to which, amid the delighted pack of dogs, came, as a self-elected addition to the party, a little black pig that frisked cheerfully round Scott's pony. But the best account of all is that given by Washington Irving, when he took a ramble with the novelist. "As we sallied forth," he writes, "every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound Maida, a noble animal, and Hamlet, a black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster, and Friutte, the parlour favourite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was

cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks he would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them, as if rational companions. Maida seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum. As he jogged along, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of the youngsters, and tumble him in the dust, giving a glance at us as much as to say, 'You see, gentlemen, I can't help this nonsense.' Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. 'I make no doubt,' said he, 'when Maida is alone with these young dogs he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters! What will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?' "



MRS. PALMER AND HENRIETTA.



THE REV. MR. PALMER.

Of all the novelists—Scott perhaps excepted—George Eliot has done the fullest justice to dog character—from puppydom, when “worry and gnaw they will, if it was one’s Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it,” to the time when they drive the cows in for milking “with a heedless unofficial air.” There is a whole set of Poyser dogs, and Bartle Massey’s Vixin, and Adam Bede’s Gyp, but, best of all, in “The Mill on the Floss,” Bob Jakin’s Mumps, whose virtues led Bob to concentrate his advice in “Hev a dog, Miss; they’re better friends nor any Christian.”

Mrs. Stannard was a red-hot anti-vivisectionist, and on one occasion, when she presided at the Clapham Branch of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, she said, while she knew nothing about the subject, that she dare not go into what she might call the horror of it—if she did she would soon be in a lunatic asylum.

She was only an expert in what she might call kindness. To her mind it was debasing to the

whole human race that there should be a single experiment made upon a living dumb animal. If people were so keen about finding out these things, let them give their own bodies for vivisection—she for one would have no objection. It would, she thought, be kinder to exterminate the breed of animals altogether than to bring them to the horrible end the vivisectionists brought them to.

I am sure that all civilized men and women will agree with Mrs. Stannard to the extent that if vivisection is done through curiosity or carelessly, or without all possible regard for the animals, it is a most horrible and most shameful crime, and any man guilty of it should be punished as though he had tortured a human being.

I sympathize with those whose lives are made bitter by thinking of the animals operated upon by scientists. It is a horrible thing for a poor creature to be subjected to vivisection of the soul.

Antitoxin has practically destroyed all fear of diphtheria, which used to kill thousands,

where it kills only a few now. Formerly it broke out in a family and often took all of the children in the household to the graveyard. Doctors and mothers fear it no longer. There could have been no antitoxin without vivisection. A few horses had to suffer discomfort, and some had to die, guinea-pigs and rabbits had to be subjected to experiments, in order to give to humanity that wonderful antitoxin that is saving, and will save, the lives of many millions of human beings. It is so with all vivisection properly conducted. The subject is a very big one; to discuss it in all its details is an impossibility. To convince those that loathe it is also impossible. And I shall not try to convince them, for while the unreasoning opponent of vivisection is in the wrong, yet his heart is in the right, and his feeling of kindness is one of the assets of the human race. It is a good thing to have men and women struggling in defence of weak, unfortunate animals, even though they may be wrong in their defence.

CHAPTER III

MRS. STANNARD'S COURAGE

MRS. STANNARD, who was the very soul of tenderness and compassion, was equally courageous.

One afternoon, while walking down a side street in London, she suddenly came upon a drunken navvy, who was beating his young wife, much to the enjoyment of a mob of hoodlums.

Mrs. Stannard, despite the fact that her left arm was practically useless, owing to a recent operation, went straight through the crowd, and taking up her position between the cowardly drunkard and his wife, who by that time was lying on the pavement, bruised and bleeding, she prevented any further display of brutality. The navvy promptly threatened to put Mrs.

Stannard "to sleep," but by a bold front she defied him, telling him that he dare not touch her, and that his kind of bullying did not extend beyond beating a half-starved, under-sized wife. The crowd, animated by Mrs. Stannard's example, fetched the police, and the man was given in charge.

About the year 1899, when she was residing at Dieppe, in Normandy, she went with her husband to dine with some friends who lived in a very old quarter of the town, and on returning home she heard the most terrible screams, coming from one of the side streets. Without the slightest hesitation, she and her husband went immediately to the scene of the disturbance and found an excited crowd of working people; none of them, however, were taking any steps to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. They merely shrugged their shoulders and said that it was not their affair. The screams proceeded from the second floor of an old tenement building, the approach to which was

through a very dark passage and up rickety stairs. Together they mounted to the first landing, when a terrified child, whose head was bleeding from a scalp wound, ran down the passage. Mr. Stannard caught her in his arms, and putting his back against the wall, awaited events. Presently a working man came lumbering along, followed by a haggard woman who looked like the revival of some dead age. The man began to threaten Mr. Stannard, who kept him in parlance until Mrs. Stannard had brought the police, who marched him off to the station. It appears that the man returned home from work, and found that the dinner was not to his taste, and angered by his wife's demand for housekeeping money, had seized the soup tureen and broken it over the woman's head, cutting her scalp in several places and deluging her and the child with the soup.

Mrs. Stannard used to tell the following story of how she once took down a literary bully:

“ The man was fairly successful—in my eyes,

quite too successful to descend to the meanness of trying to lessen the success of a fellow-craftsman. I met him at a big evening crush, and was introduced as a new favourite star of acknowledged brilliance and magnitude—I was taken to him in fact. And his first words were, ‘Very glad to meet you, but I’ve never read a word you wrote in my life.’ Well, I didn’t think this was exactly kind, to put it mildly, and I thought, ‘Ah ! my fine old lion, if I don’t contrive to take it out of you I am sorry for myself.’ So I replied modestly that I did not expect all the world to have read my little stories, though, of course, I was profoundly thankful for the success I had had so far. And then we talked a little on other subjects, during which time my lion’s manner did not improve, or his tone become any less brusque—I think I may fairly even say less brutal. And presently I asked an apparently innocent question, the effect of which was to make him stare at me with blank amazement, utter a snort, give a shake

to his white mane, and turn on his heel in unmitigated contempt and disgust. 'And do you write, too?' I asked."

Mrs. Stannard was able to withstand the most excruciating physical pain, and never did she show this remarkable trait to greater advantage than on one occasion, immediately before a very important business interview, when her arm was severely burned. Without waiting to oil the burns she walked calmly into her drawing-room and carried through her business to a successful conclusion, and not one of those present knew of her intense suffering.

It is sometimes contended that courage is wholly a matter of temperament, that the brave inherit their bravery, and the timid their timidity, and that therefore the former deserve no credit, and the latter no blame. But, like other virtues, it is due only in part to heredity. We come into the world, not with full-fledged qualities, but with tendencies in various directions. These are continually being modified by

the influences that surround us; some are strengthened, some weakened. Courage, like the rest, is capable of growth and of decay. It may be fostered by exercise, and withered by neglect.

Mrs. Stannard's friends all marvelled at the powers of endurance that she exhibited whenever her husband or children were ill. She never seemed to need sleep, and always did the right thing at the right time. The moment she entered a sick room her cheerfulness softened all irregularities, and with her soft hand passing over the wrinkled forehead, wrinkled by the weary pain, she would smooth out the lines and cool its fever. Her sympathy seemed to flow naturally from her warm and loving heart, into the grateful ones of those who were afflicted.

CHAPTER IV

MRS. STANNARD'S CHARITIES

THERE are not a few people the measure of whose charity seems to correspond with the distance at which it is exercised. Their imagination, scorning what is close to them, leaps over sea and land, with the utmost celerity, and they easily sympathize with the sufferings and ignorance of far-distant natives and savage tribes. They willingly give their money or their time or their interest to relieve or to instruct such as these, and so far they are to be honoured for it. But when they are cold and deaf to the aching needs of their own country, to the tale of distress in the next street, and to the immediate claims of their own families, they need to be reminded by such women as

Mrs. Stannard that "charity" begins at home.

"There is no doubt," says Mrs. Stannard, "that discretion in charity is a very desirable quality. We all ought to be charitable, every one of us. There is no man, woman, or child in the world who has not, at some time or other, the opportunity of being in some way charitable and helpful to others.

"We read in the Good Book that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Certainly, but at the same time in these modern days it is necessary, if we wish our charity to work to a good end, that we should give with discretion. It is no use giving money to a man who bears on his face the outward symbols of overdevotion to the nearest beggar. It is no good giving fine clothes to a person whose position in life does not warrant such garments being worn. It is no use fagging one's heart out to help those who will not help themselves; and when we remember that it is more blessed to give than

to receive, we should remember the exhortation which comes from the same phrase, and which tells that each one of us must work out his own salvation. But because we sometimes find—nay, perhaps very often find—that such help as we are able to give, whether it be in money or kind, or even only in encouragement and kind words, has been entirely misplaced, that need not dry up the fountains of our generosity and our pity for others less well-placed and less happy than ourselves. It is more blessed to give than to receive. That may be so—nay, it is so—but oh ! how pleasant it is to meet people who have kind words to speak at the right moment; people who have no desire to utter the bitingly clever remark, or to say the obviously unkind thing, no matter how true; to meet the people who smile as you approach them, who are obviously pleased to be in your presence, who part from you with regret.

“What a glow it gives the heart ! When one is in trouble, how welcome is the encouraging

word!—in pain, how comforting are the words of sympathy and the deft hand of assistance! No, we certainly should not allow the wells of our sympathy and our encouragement to dry up because of the shortcomings of others.

“As the years go on, and we learn to discriminate between professional beggars who could work if they would, and those whom misfortune or physical suffering has overtaken, we learn not to be less kind, but to be kind to a definite end.

“We learn that the truest and noblest form of charity is to help the helpless to help themselves; to help the widows left penniless by the recklessness of our national prejudice against systematic saving and the dot of the daughters, to provide for their children and to be themselves independent.

“There are few of us who do not know one or more who are thus placed, and there are few of us who do not know, or know of, poor cripples in the humbler walks of life to whom existence

is a burden, not only to themselves but to others who are ill-fitted to carry it."

The pathos of old age and the helplessness of childhood made the strongest appeals to Mrs. Stannard, who, in visiting hospitals, always lingered by the bedside of some old woman, or in the children's ward. A Sister of Mercy, in writing to her, says:

"I am venturing to appeal to your sympathy on behalf of our Incurable Children. About fifteen years ago I was in charge of the children's ward at our old house at Fulham, and can well remember your kind visits to the children's ward.

"We have a dear little girl, about six years old, who is hopelessly incurable, and will have to spend her life on her back. Her mother, a widow, has just died, and the child is quite without any friends who can do anything for her.

"Her mother was a seamstress in the East End, and was only able to pay a very little

towards her child. If you could kindly interest anyone on her behalf, we should be most grateful to you, and would send all particulars about the child."

It is hardly necessary to add that this appeal was responded to by Mrs. Stannard with her usual energy and generosity. Incurables ! How many thoughts throng into the mind as one dwells upon this word. What thousands there are who "pace the long halls in the vast hospital of the world." But there are two classes of incurables. Suffering in all of its forms is shared by both. Yet the alleviations which those who have money at their command, and also friends to comfort and cheer their lonely lives, make the condition of the one as dissimilar to the other as it is possible to be. Let us draw a picture of an invalid of the former class. The dreary winter months of our English climate are passed in a southern land, where the sick person is cheered by constant sunshine and a profusion of bright flowers, and medical skill

and kind friends to do all in their power to lessen the inevitable suffering.

Turning to the other picture, we see the invalid in straitened circumstances, passing many hours every day alone, living in a small cheerless room, which perhaps the sun never brightens, and often unable to procure medical advice or comforts because money is difficult enough to find for sheer necessities.

“I shall be much obliged,” says the Secretary of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, “if you will kindly inform me if the Committee of the Victoria Hospital are the owners of the copyright of your book ‘A Soldier’s Children,’ which was published for the benefit of the Hospital in 1902; Messrs. Chatto and Windus tell me that the Committee of the Victoria Hospital are mentioned as being the proprietors of the copyright in the agreement that was signed that year.

“The Committee are anxious to arrange for the book to be published in a 1s. edition, or to



MR. ARTHUR STANNARD.

To face page 48.

dispose of the copyright, for the support of the Bootles' Baby Cot, toward which £116 was raised by the sale of the first edition."

Mrs. Fenwick Miller tells a sweet little story of a small but characteristic instance of Mrs. Stannard's kindness when she went to see her in the summer of 1895. Busy though Mrs. Stannard was, and herself in delicate health, she was preparing every day a rather elaborate infants' food to send to keep the life in the wasting child of a poor woman in the village. The value of this food greatly depends upon the trouble taken in blending the ingredients, and she would allow no other hands to prepare it, so long as the child's life was in danger.

The joy of giving is not monopolized by those who can give profusely, nor even to be measured by the amount of happiness bestowed; it may rather be gauged, if at all, by the degrees of spontaneity with which the heart springs and the hand goes forth to do what they can. If indeed the element of sacrifice be included, if

there has been some toil or privation or loss freely undergone for the sake of the good conferred, an added zest will be given to the joy of bestowing.

Upon the refusal of a certain clergyman to accord the usual Burial Service to a little child who had died without being baptized, Mrs. Stannard wrote to Archdeacon Sinclair to know if the reverend gentleman was acting in accordance with the laws of the Church, and it is gratifying to learn by the following letter that he was not, and that the Archdeacon did not uphold such idiotic and inhuman ideas.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE,
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.
October 26, 1893.

MY DEAR MRS. STANNARD,

I shall always be glad to see you, and to answer as many questions as I can. Many thanks for your long, frank, and interesting letter. You know the laity are not required to subscribe the articles, or to acknowledge any

other part of the Prayer-Book except the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Catechism. All the rest is for those who are commissioned to be teachers or ministers, so that there may be some consensus of doctrine. Even we ministers are only bound in so far as our consciences find the teaching agreeable to the Word of God, which is the ultimate appeal. The evidence for Infant Baptism in the New Testament is very slender, it is chiefly our Lord taking little children up in His arms and blessing them. There is absolutely no evidence at all to show it is exclusive and compulsory. In the age of Constantine, Christians often put off their baptism till their death-beds, for fear of compromising themselves subsequently.

The narrowness and bigotry of some Christians is a constant source of sorrow to those who are wise and understanding. I am not that, but I share their regret.

We can talk of these things when we come to

London. Will you look at a book of mine that has just come out, "Christ and our Times"?

With kind regards to Mr. Stannard,

Ever yours truly,

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

The response to Mrs. Stannard's pleadings in the *Morning Post* during December of 1901 enabled her to place a lady beyond the pale of want, and in writing to the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association, she says:

"As subscriptions have ceased to come in, we can now arrange for the final disposal of the money I have received. The total response to my letters in the *Morning Post* amounted to £351 7s., of which £4 6s. was sent for the Association funds, leaving £347 1s. to be applied for Miss ——'s benefit. Donors of £96 1s. asked that their gifts might be given direct to Miss —— for Christmas and personal comforts, or spent on her at my discretion otherwise than

as annuity. The remainder (£251) was sent either for the annuity fund I pleaded for, or without special directions and may, I think, properly be allotted to that use.

“I could buy an annuity of 15s. per week from the Post Office for £248 9s. 3d., and I propose to ask the Association to take that amount from the receipts and to accept in return the liability to pay Miss —— 15s. per week for life.

“As she does not need so large a sum as £96 for present use, and as most of it was expressly given to be used at my discretion, I propose to ask you to take £50 of it, and to hold it (together with any other sums you may receive for her) as a reserve fund to be drawn on at some future time if illness, loss of present pittance from old pupils, or unforeseen expenses should make Miss ——’s needs greater.

“The balance I propose to retain for the present in my own hands. Part of it I have already disbursed, in paying off small liabili-

ties and observing express wishes as to immediate provisions for personal comforts, etc., and no doubt when I see her in the summer I shall find it desirable to expend a few pounds more in furniture renewals and sundry aids to reasonable comforts.

“Should she die before it is all used I will hand you what is left, and of course the cash then in your hands will also go to the general funds of the Association, in accordance with my published letters.

“I think these proposals fairly cover the wishes of the kind donors of the money. Will you let me know whether your committee acquiesces in them, and on hearing so I will send you a cheque for £121 12s. 9d. to complete the fund. I enclose statements showing the details in form of accounts.”

In time of trouble there is something to do, more than merely to express sympathy. Nearly always some real help is possible, and to discover what that is, and to extend it simply and

generously is the task of every one who wishes to be a friend in time of need. But this takes not only love and compassion and good wishes, but also judgment, discretion, thought, and patience. It is largely because these qualities are so seldom brought into exercise at such times that sympathy so often seems powerless for any efficient help. Each case must be studied by itself, its past causes fathomed, its present grief appreciated, its probable future effects weighed, the possible means of relief considered before true help can be extended. This habit of thoughtfulness is easy enough when we are contemplating an enterprise of our own: why, then, should it be put aside when we approach so difficult and so delicate a task as that of giving real succour and comfort to others in time of need ?

It was in order to help a "deserving labouring man in Putney" that Mrs. Stannard made her debut as a public reader, and the success with which her efforts were attended is told in

the following report by the *Putney Observer* of October 16, 1886:

“ Mrs. Arthur Stannard, more generally known as John Strange Winter, and an authoress of undoubted ability, gave readings from her works at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening. Some time before the hour fixed for the commencement a large fashionable audience had assembled, and we have pleasure in saying that at no time recently has a more distinguished company been present to take part in what proved to be a most interesting and high-class entertainment. This may be accounted for by the popularity of Mrs. Stannard as an authoress, by the novelty of the class of entertainment to most of Putney residents, and last but by no means least—the excellent object for which the readings were given, this being for the relief of a person in distress, whose name for various reasons did not transpire.

“ Shortly after eight o’clock, Miss Luenda Smeaton, a charming young lady, and a member

of the Royal Academy of Music, commenced the proceedings by playing in admirable style a selection of Scotch airs upon the piano. Mrs. Stannard thereupon appeared, and was received in a most flattering manner. Before proceeding with the readings as announced, Mrs. Stannard explained her reason for presuming to give selections from her own works, saying that she would probably be thought a bold woman for doing so, but the cause that led her to come forward was one of distress, which she was anxious to assist. Without mentioning names she could assure her hearers that the case was one of great need. The persons were honest, steady, and hard-working people, and as such, she had determined to do her 'level best' for them—a remark that was loudly applauded. Mrs. Stannard, in proceeding, said that she had met with much encouragement in her desires to assist the persons referred to. In the first place her thanks were due to the managers of the rooms, who had kindly given the use of

them at a greatly reduced charge. Also to the editors of the local papers, who had inserted the announcements at a greatly reduced charge on account of the charitable object in view.

“ Her thanks were also due to the stewards and to those who had taken so much interest in the disposal of tickets, the latter being a work of no inconsiderable magnitude. The first reading given was entitled ‘ The Piano Fiend,’ and the rendering was frequently applauded. This was followed by a piano solo by Miss Smeaton, and the second reading was entitled ‘ The Fool of the Regiment.’ Then followed another piano solo. The third and last reading was ‘ The Death of Houp-la,’ and, although all were excellent, and splendidly rendered, this latter struck us as being decidedly the best. Mrs. Stannard, before commencing it, explained to her audience the character of her hero.

“ The reading went to show the devotedness of a poor untutored lad to his master, who had

been selected as the bearer of important despatches during the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. Knowing the task to be a difficult one, and attended by risks of no ordinary kind, Houp-la manages to steal the despatches and proceeds to deliver them himself. The discovery of the loss of the despatches and the missing of Houp-la from his duties are vividly portrayed, and when in the course of the day signals are received announcing their safe delivery, the praises heaped upon Houp-la are only such as those accorded to genuine heroes. The lad, on his return to camp, encounters the enemy, and a search party organized for his relief, find him, but too late. Houp-la returns to die in the arms of his master.

“Time and space will only permit of our referring thus briefly to the reading; we wish it were otherwise.

“At the close of each reading, Mrs. Stannard was enthusiastically applauded, a compliment that was as deserved as it was genuine. We

hope ere long that another opportunity will be afforded Putney residents to take part in a similar entertainment."

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, in writing to Mrs. Stannard from the War Office in November, 1907, says:

"May I ask for your help? The Union Jack Club for Sailors and Soldiers has been so very successful that we have seriously to consider its early extension.

"The enclosed communiqué explains the means by which we propose to obtain the necessary funds. If you would very kindly give us a short story for insertion in the book, we should be most grateful. We have already received promises of help from other well-known authors and authoresses, and I am sure that you will generously add your name to the list. We should not require the contribution until January. If you will, I can assure you of the most grateful thanks of not only myself and the com-

mittee of the Club, but also of the sailors and soldiers for whom we are working. Hoping you will excuse us,

“Believe me,

“Yours sincerely,

“E. M. WARD.”

Mrs. Stannard could not make out the Colonel's signature, and sent the following reply to Major H. F. Trippel:

“I have received a letter from the War Office asking if I would give a short story for the Union Jack Club magazine, but as I am uncertain of the signature (which I think is Ward), I am therefore replying to you as your name is on the leaflet enclosed, and hope you will be kind enough to pass it on to the writer.

“I had the misfortune to break my collar-bone some weeks ago. This, naturally, has been a great inconvenience and made me sadly in arrears with work, and I am rather doubtful as to whether I will be able to write a special

story for the purpose in time, though under ordinary circumstances I would be most willing to do so to help such a cause. I could, however, send you a story which has appeared only in a paper some time ago, and has not yet been utilized in book form. This would be practically as good as a new one for your use, as it is most unlikely that any of your readers would have read it, especially as it was not printed in London. It is a little love story with a soldier in it, about 3,500 words long. If this will suit you I will send it along on hearing from you."

The Union Jack Club, which was opened by the late King Edward on July 1, 1907, has more than satisfied the hopes and aspirations of its promoters and most ardent supporters.

After her first visit to the Girls' Guild of Good Life, in the Hoxton Hall, Mrs. Stannard wrote:

"I went with indifference; I came away feeling that I was in touch, in most friendly touch, with several hundreds of people who had never seen me before. I came away mazed

with the proficiency, with the care, thought, industry, good temper, tact and good manners, which I had seen on all hands. As we walked down the street, several of the girls came up to me in the darkness, and shook my hands—‘Good-night, Mrs. Stannard; come and see us again.’ I felt a glow all over me, as of having been in a good atmosphere.

“Now it has occurred to me, many times since then, that all these girls who have been enrolled into the Guild of Good Life since its commencement—over three thousand of them—must many times have left Hoxton Hall with the same feeling in their hearts, the feeling of having been in a pleasant atmosphere, a feeling that they were among friends, a feeling that they were going upward and onward, that they were somebody and something in the world, that they were having a chance; and it has occurred to me many times also what a wonderful thing it is that this vast circle of light has all emanated from one good woman. During

the evening I spent at the Hoxton Hall, I stole a glance whenever I could at the founder of the Guild, and I said to myself, as I have said lots of times since, what a proud thing it must be to feel that wherever you go you are an influence in the right direction, to feel that whatever happens to you through life, you have left behind you, on either side of you, a trail of affection and help. And yet the face of the dear woman has brought brightness and interest into the lives of over three thousand working girls—not done in the mass, but done individually, done as the water falls from the skies, drop by drop, little by little, graven with the silver point of genuine goodness—there is no sign of pride. If there were, she would not be the influence she is; if she were puffed up in the smallest degree with her own conceit, she would not be able to teach right into the hearts of others as she does, and to realize all that Mrs. Rae has accomplished, one must go down to Hoxton Hall to see for oneself how the plant of progress has



MISS AUDREY STANNARD.

To face page 64.

1885-1886
1886-1887

been raised, and to what distances its branches reach. I saw it widespreading and full foliaged as it were, because I went to the greatest event of the year—the giving of prizes in the various branches of work which the Guild encourages. The Girls' Guild of Good Life is something more than a religious and secular institution. It does not bore its members with gloomy views of the Creator, with inane and unsatisfying promises on one hand, and application of physical terror on the other. No, it provides for to-morrow by making provision to-day; it not only provides for Sunday, but it provides for every other night as well; and on the prize-giving day I saw the result of all these efforts to elevate, amuse, interest, benefit, and ennoble.

“There is a Penny Bank, there is a Library; and to begin with, the girls are early taught the value of keeping from drink. A factory girl nowadays, in Hoxton at least, is not one who works so many hours a day and gets free at night to wander about the streets and fall into

mischievous; not a bit of it. If she belongs to the Girls' Guild of Good Life, there are ladies there who will teach her how to make her own blouses, they will teach her how to make a dress like a finished dressmaker, and to make them tastefully and well, they will teach her to read and write, they will teach her to do fine needlework and plain needlework, to make lacework, to draw and paint.

"They will go further than that: she can be taught music, and the mandolin, and she can join a mandolin band in which she will, as soon as she is proficient, be able to join in performances dressed in a charming fancy costume, with her own mandolin flowing with ribbons.

"Do you realize what is done for these girls in Hoxton? No, not unless you go down to Hoxton Hall and see for yourself. Then you will find that the factory girls of that district are encouraged in every possible way, not to elevate themselves by ridiculous promises that fail to come up to expectation, but educate

themselves to literally build themselves up that their lives may become full of joy. A Hoxton girl, that is to say a girl who belongs to the Guild of Good Life, cannot have time to get into mischief. Besides, she has been taught to value herself, she has been shown what she can do, she has been taught to have a sense of her own dignity, to be self-reliant, to be self-protective, to be educated, to be good-humoured, to be kind and affectionate, and forbearing with those around her. There is no branch of knowledge, there is no branch of usefulness, of legitimate interest in which the girls of the Guild of Good Life will not find a helping hand from Mrs. Rae's band of splendid workers. My pen has no power to express all that I feel, it must be seen to be really grasped and understood, and believe me, nobody who goes to the Girls' Guild of Good Life but will find themselves thoroughly welcome; nobody who goes will find that there is not some way in which they too can help the good work. Those who are wealthy

and happily placed can bring brightness into lives which otherwise would be grey and dull from the cradle to the grave. Those who are sad and sore and lonely can find consolation and comfort in feeling that if they have not too much brightness themselves, they can bring help into the lives of others."

Of the many evidences of Mrs. Stannard's good deeds there is none more touching than the following letter from an old authoress friend:

"The Treasury Order is here! It came about five minutes ago by the very late last post. So I do not lose a minute before letting you know, as I have a right to do. . . . It has put me all in a flutter, for I had given the post up for to-night. . . .

"You do not know how grateful I am to you. But for this I must really have broken up my house in September. . . . Of course I shall write and thank Mr. Balfour at once now. It has

come at an auspicious time, it is ——'s birthday. She and Mr. —— have gone to the Indian Show.

"I am sorry to say that my son is in sad trouble about his wife; she gets worse instead of better.

"And he is not comfortable in his business berth. He has been with his firm about eleven years, and sees no prospect of advancement, whilst there have been changes in the firm which have not made things pleasant for him. He has had a weary time of it the last year, and is trying to effect a change, even if he has to throw up designing.

"You see I have his troubles on my mind, as well as my own. I hope you are all right, and as happy as you deserve to be, for you are a good woman, and a good friend, and I pray sincerely that God may bless you in all the relations of life. With kind regards to Mr. Stannard, and dear love and thanks to yourself,

"I am very sincerely yours,

"——."

In Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem "Abou Ben Adhem," where the angel wrote on the tablet the names of the world's great ones, because Abou Ben Adhem loved his fellow-men, his name led all the rest. On the tablet of the world's remembrance, surely high place belongs to those who have consecrated their lives to the betterment of humanity—who were great, not for what they possessed, but for what they gave; not for what they absorbed, but for what they radiated; not for what they became, but for what they helped others to become.

CHAPTER V

MRS. STANNARD AS AN AUTHOR

" LITERATURE, like the ministry, medicine, the law, and all other occupations," says Mark Twain, " is cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work, not want of work to do. When people tell you the reverse, they speak that which is not true. If you desire to test this you need only hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a shop, mechanic, or artist in any branch of industry, and try to hire him. You will find that he is already hired. He is sober, industrious, capable, and reliable, and is always in demand. He cannot get a day's holiday except by courtesy of his employer, or of his city, or of the great general public. But if you really need idlers, shirkers, half-instructed, unambitious, and com-

fort-seeking editors, reporters, lawyers, doctors, and mechanics anywhere, there are millions of them to be had at the dropping of a handkerchief.

“The young literary aspirant is a very curious creature. He knows that if he wishes to become a tinner, the master-smith would require him to prove the possession of a good character, and would require him to promise to stay in the shop for three years—possibly four—and would make him sweep out and bring water and build fires all the first year, and let him learn to black stoves in the intervals. If he wanted to become a mechanic of any other kind, he would have to undergo this same tedious, ill-paid apprenticeship. If he wanted to become a lawyer or a doctor, he would have to do fifty times worse, for he would get nothing at all during his long apprenticeship, and in addition would have to pay a large sum for tuition and have the privilege of boarding and clothing himself. The literary aspirant knows all this, and yet he has

the hardihood to present himself for reception into the literary guild, and to ask to share its high honours and emoluments without a single twelve months' apprenticeship to show in excuse for his presumption.

“ He would smile pleasantly if he were asked even to make so simple a thing as a dipper without previous instruction in the art, but, all green and ignorant, wordy, pompously assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of men and the world, acquired in a back country village, he will serenely take up so dangerous a weapon as a pen, and attack the most formidable subject that finance, commerce, war, or politics can furnish him withal. It would be laughable if it were not so sad and so pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the tin-shop without an apprenticeship, but is willing to seize and wield with unpractised hand an instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religions, and decree the weal or woe of nations.”

Mrs. Stannard was the very antithesis of these curious creatures, for she addressed herself seriously to the task of preparing for a literary career. If she had shirked lessons when a schoolgirl, she now showed herself to be by no means afraid of work, and moreover to be gifted with patience and sagacity in an unusual degree. She clearly recognized that thoroughly good and successful performance can only be achieved by toilsome and long sustained work. She therefore applied herself to the task of learning how to write, and her great success was the well-earned reward of her early labours. Having decided to devote herself to the writing of fiction, Mrs. Stannard made a choice of authors upon whose works to form her individual style. She selected Wilkie Collins, the Kingsleys, Whyte-Melville, and Charles Reade, and made a very careful study of their several methods. But, above and beyond these, the teachings of Ruskin were the source whence she drew most. Her reverence for thoroughness and accuracy,

insisted upon by that great master, amounted to a passion almost; in illustration of which I may fairly cite "A Siege Baby." For this, trifle though it seem, she prepared the ground by conscientiously reading all such chronicles of the Sepoy Mutiny as she was able to get hold of, in order that no single inaccuracy of allusion might appear in her story. To her thinking, blunders of detail are inexcusable in a writer of fiction, because such a one may choose subjects at will, and should not take up any he or she is not thoroughly informed about. Her bias was not towards intricate plots, but rather in the direction of simplicity.

In the use of language she was exceedingly choice, taking infinite pains to convey exactly what she meant to say. She had a fancy for employing language drawn from the Anglo-Saxon, excluding as far as may be words derived from Latin and other sources than Teutonic. To carry out such an idea is, of course, to add very much to the labour of composition. For-

eign words she never used so long as English equivalents could be found to express her meaning, and she regarded with utmost contempt that polyglot lingo which many modern writers—especially women—imagine to be elegant and fashionable. In her tales she was very careful to keep within her own range of information, never meddling with what was beyond it.

But the crowning merit of all her work is its purity and healthiness. It may be criticized as light and amusing, sparkling and vivacious, but deep and tender pathos is never wanting in it to stir the feelings, and unadulterated wholesomeness of tone is the keynote of the world. That is the chief reason why John Strange Winter's books have found their way alike to palace and to cottage.

Between the age of nineteen and twenty-seven, Mrs. Stannard wrote no less than forty-two novels, some of these three-volume length, besides numerous short tales and sketches.

These were published in the *Family Herald*, *London Society*, and other periodicals, chiefly under the pseudonym of "Violet Whyte." Many of these army stories were subsequently incorporated in "Cavalry Life." It was when this book was issued that the authoress was advised by her publishers to assume a masculine *nom de plume*, as they considered that the avowal of feminine authorship might prejudice the sale of such a work. She accordingly chose the name she had bestowed on one of the characters in a tale, and so came before the world as John Strange Winter.

Mrs. Stannard always thought out her whole story before she put pen to paper. Once she got an idea, she wrote at racing pace for as many days as the mood lasted. She stopped at the first feeling of fatigue or effort, and sometimes had to wait for weeks before she could go on again. Then she would wander about the house like a lost spirit, or sit for hours in front of a piece of paper filled with a crude idea and

yet unable to give it form. She could not rest or enjoy herself in any way at such periods of mental torture—she, who was so devoted to society at other times. Then the mist would suddenly clear, and she was thoroughly happy and hard at work again on the instant.

Sir Walter Besant admired the rapidity with which Mrs. Stannard wrote, and in one of his letters said: "I congratulate you on your quickness. I cannot compose at all with a typewriter. I had a shorthand writer, but I found out—as you did—that all my little personality vanished under his transforming hand, so I gave him up, and preferred writer's cramp."

Small beginnngs make big endings, and however true or false this old saying may be, it is very evident from the success which attended Mrs. Stannard that the constant application to work brought the fulfilment of her hopes. Those who have the capacity for writing (and nearly everyone nowadays deems himself a

Charles Dickens or a Thackeray because he is able to fill many pages of manuscript with some sort of English), and who are yet unknown to fame, should take "heart of grace" in this story. For years she was content to contribute to a periodical which depends for its existence upon the somewhat vitiated tastes of the lower and middle classes, and not once, but at least half a dozen times, one of her novels, which became so popular, was rejected by a well-known firm. It is safe to say that this talented authoress reached such a degree of popularity that any publisher would have gladly offered her whatever terms she, in reason, chose to dictate. The moral of all this is obvious.

She won popularity at a bound with "Bootles' Baby," and kept it to an extent no other woman writer of her generation has done by an astonishing output of work of singular versatility. This versatility probably militated against her material success, which might have been far greater had she limited herself more severely to

dealing with military heroes, for no one has ever approached her in portraying the spirit of the British officer and gentleman.

Ruskin, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, referred to her as "the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier." In writing to a friend he says: "I send two extremely pretty passages of life—they're not stories—by the 'Bootles' Baby' man, whom I like best of anyone now in the trade."

The *Morning Post* did not agree with the author "who elects to call his books light. They are no doubt invariably entertaining and humorous, but he can also be pathetic in no ordinary degree. His intimate knowledge of the inner life of barracks, and his tales of soldiers and their ways are accurate, whilst they are without exception bright and amusing."

Professor Tyndall kept a set of her books over his bed "as the best relief he could find to his enemy, insomnia." A great brain specialist

[illegible]

made a practice of buying one of her books on every train journey "as it beguiled his enforced leisure without the strain he experienced from ordinary reading." Another doctor always prescribed a Winter book as the most desirable reading for his patients. Bishop Wilberforce once stated that though he read few novels he had read every one she had produced. Mr. W. S. Caine declared her "Name to Conjure with" the finest drink sermon produced since Besant's "Demoniac."

Shortly after meeting Mrs. Stannard, Mr. Ruskin wrote:

MY DEAR JOHN,

Do you know your soldiers are quite awful gossips? I hadn't the slightest idea you went on like that, and thought of nothing in the world but who was going to marry the widow! and who was invited to the country ball!

My head's quite giddy with trying to re-

collect who's who, and what's what, and who's nice, and who's not, and this last story looks quite dreadful, and is going to make my head ache for the next month.

And I'm dreadfully disappointed with the story you hadn't the face to tell ! I thought it was another about yourself—that somebody had wanted to run away with you out of the greenhouse, or supper-room, or that you had been saucy to the Emperor of Russia, or something of that sort—and it is all to end in cold asparagus—why, what face did it want to tell that ?

And you know you shouldn't allow things to make you ill—especially when they come about every five minutes. I don't think there is anything horrid enough to make me ill now, except a middle-aged single woman eating lunch in a railroad carriage. I have such awful bad luck in railroad carriages, or if I have any, I've never the face to push it. Once I had a lovely chance—a young beauty got in, and in a hurry

didn't see me in the corner—good-natured-looking, and of the upper ten—or next to upper twenty perhaps. Well, it was a lovely run, from Lancaster to Chester—and she sat on the same side—back to horses—in opposite corner—so as to show nothing but profile—so I showed off what a lot of muffs, and note-books, and pocket-books I had, and pretended to read one with great attention, she as quiet as a church mouse (are church mice quiet ?); but I thought she'd talk if only I could venture on an ice-breaker. At last—as for once good luck would have it—at Wigan or Warrington her maid and my man both came to see if we wanted anything. Neither of us wanted anything, so when the doors were shut again—on the strength of my knowing she had a maid, and her knowing I had a man—I thought I'd chance it—and ventured to say something about the smoke—or the sky—or what not. She answered quite good-humouredly, and playing my fish cautiously at first, she came out in five minutes

like a flower in hot water, and I had such a ten miles of bliss to Chester as I never dreamt of in my dreams—nor dared for in my schemes.

Well, I found out that she was going to Bula—can you imagine such an idiot as I was, to let out that I was going only to Chester? If I had but known my ground a little better, I could have been going to such a lot of places beyond Bula! Like the simpleton I am, I got out at Chester hopelessly, and here I am!

But seriously, John, these longer books are too gossipy, and have rather too many mean people in them, and they are not compositions, but kaleidoscopic lectures. Nobody else could have done them, and I hope the public will like them; but the author of "Waverley" is the author of "Bootles' Baby" and "Houp-la," and is able to do much finer work than any in the two bigger books, "Army Society" and "Garrison Gossip"—their names are feeble to begin with, and their binding blameable.

I need not say I rejoice in Mrs. Kendall's

scrap, and look forward with a strange hope to seeing you three together. I am very fond of the Kendalls—the only people in London that I'm fond of. In society I took a great fancy to Wilson Barrett, but he's too fire-watery. If Mrs. Kendall were only ten years younger I should be in for it if I came up from Sandgate.

I'm vexed about your portrait. It isn't a portrait at all of anybody—that's its first fault; and it is a horrid, patchy, chalky thing—that's its second; and I believe it's out of a drawing, and don't believe you've such a square head, and whether it's square or round, it shouldn't be over the left like that.

I'm so bitterly sorry for the loss of the beautiful old art of miniatures, but people might still have water-colour sketches of themselves made for their friends. Ten minutes of water colour is worth ten million of photographs.

I'm still getting a little more-better myself, you see, or I shouldn't be so horrid. But how

you could ever have been afraid to write even to my worse self, I can't think !

I want to know how Mignon really is ! I've been in such despair since she married that I've just asked an Italian *improvisatrice* if she will have me, and sing me to—where the sirens sing—or anywhere out of the memory of Mignon.

Ever your admiring and advising,

JOHN RUSKIN.

It appears that Mrs. Stannard told him of her own love affairs during one of her visits to his home, for in writing to her on November 8, 1887, he says:

“ It is altogether lovely of you to trust me like that, and tell me just the things I wanted to know, and liked better to fancy. I've had a good deal of nice trust from girls about their hearts before it was settled, but they'll hardly ever tell me afterwards how it exactly all went. It's very interesting to me your having been engaged before without finding out what love

meant. That is the only way people ever are engaged in the common course of things, and if they get on tolerably well afterwards they think it was all right. How little they generally know what love is (men especially) is curiously shown by the total failure of love scenes on the stage. I never, now, get on any stage (public or private) a piece of true love-acting, while the general conception of the husband is, to my mind, cruel and monstrous. There was an effective play given by Kendalls a year or two ago, or three or four. I forget its name—when the wife of a magnificent English Colonel, supposed to be everything noble and mighty and proper, was nearly run away with by a Frenchman. Caught and saved just in time by the magnificent Colonel's friend. Magnificent Colonel finds it out, and then instead of thanking God, and being kinder to his wife than he was before, flies into a fury about his own magnificence and dignity, and pensions off his wife for ever so long, and the play is supposed

to end well enough, because after being prayed for and begged for a twelvemonth, he condescends to take her back.

“My own creed is that father and husband are bound to take son, daughter, or wife home again when they want to come—whatever they’ve been and gone and done. Meanwhile it seems so fearful to me that women forgive men everything, and men, women nothing, and I can’t understand why you always love us when you’re nice better than we do you—not that that’s been my own experience at all, but I am under an adverse aspect, the planet Venus, which has always put everything wrong.

“But always in watching couples out for a holiday one sees the girl perfectly happy, and the boy does not quite know if he’s happy or not.

“I’m very happy to know that the tales were short only by mischance, and that there are longer ones coming. That Arthur of yours must really be rather nice—as men go—to do

all the clerk work and proofs so soon. I am so very glad he gave up engineering. As for my letter being kind I'm only too thankful to have anyone to write to, that I can say anything that's in my mind to, much more for answers like yours. So now the minute you've time, make up the face, and tell me what happened at that big party last July.

“Ever affectionately and most gratefully
yours,

“ J. RUSKIN.”

Mrs. Stannard wrote “Bootles’ Baby,” which won her such praise from Mr. Ruskin, at York, before her marriage, and it would very likely have found its way to the wastepaper basket but for her husband, as may be gleaned from her own words: “In the September of ’83 I wrote ‘Bootles’ Baby,’ but it was rejected by several leading magazines to which I sent it. In disgust I threw it aside, and it was not until some months after my marriage that my husband unearthed it, asked me to read it, and

insisted on my sending it to the *Graphic*. I think I politely offered to send it to Paradise, as being a place about as likely for it to find acceptance. However, he proved to be right, and in August, '84, it was accepted by the *Graphic* for use the following spring. By the by, we were coming out of the gardens at Harrogate with a friend one August afternoon, when a groom on horseback passed us, leading two other horses. My husband said, 'One of those horses has cast a shoe,' whereupon I turned back promptly and picked it up. When we reached our lodgings I found awaiting me the letter of acceptance from the editor of the *Graphic*. There may be nothing in it, but the shoe hangs in my hall at this moment."

From that date she formed a small museum of horse-shoes, each of which had its association for her, one having special interest as a relic of Balaklava.

Mrs. Stannard had not many fads, but one struck me as being decidedly queer. One after-

noon she put her hand into the neck of her dress, and brought out two small scraps of grey fur, and said: "I never am without these little pieces of fur about me. I never have been since I was about three years old. I pull them out sometimes and stroke them, or pass them over my lips and cheek, and you cannot tell how they soothe and inspire me to think."

When the Literary Fund Dinner was being arranged in 1887, the Committee, considering that the author of "Bootles' Baby" and other popular novels of the day, was a prominent person in the world of literature, addressed a courteous letter to John Strange Winter, Esq., care of his publishers, requesting that individual to be one of the stewards. Mrs. Stannard wrote and explained that she was a woman, and that her sex would preclude her acceding to the request, though she greatly regretted the fact. The faces of the Committee, when their blunder was revealed to them, may be imagined. Still, they could have scarcely paid a higher or

more sincere compliment to the realistic power of Mrs. Stannard's genius.

How Helen Mathers, author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," and other charming books, discovered the sex of John Strange Winter, is told by herself in the following letter:

"I feel quite pleased I went to that very curious entertainment on Monday, as it introduced me to you, but I have not yet got over the shock of finding you belong to *my* sex. I have spoken to several people, and they seemed to think I hoaxed them and quoted 'John Strange' against my asseverations."

The officers of a certain British regiment who, on finding considerable resemblance to themselves and their doings in some of Mrs. Stannard's army stories, actually called a solemn meeting in order to ascertain what man in the regiment was thus audaciously venturing to make "copy" out of his comrades in arms. The regiment was even more surprised than the Literary Fund Committee, when it came to

learn that the mysterious Winter was a woman.

Mrs. Stannard was very happy also in depicting domestic life. Her little story "Good-Bye," which is a veritable etching in prose, brought her many appreciative letters, including one from the late Sir Henniker Heaton, in which he says:

"It is in every respect first-rate work, and you picture domestic life in the best London circles exactly as it is. The second wife is, in my judgment, the most skilfully drawn character presented for many a day. Under her terrible trial you have shown her true to herself, and honest to her rival. Everyone will remember her common sense in making the best of it, and properly hate her aunt for bringing about the marriage. I suppose you did the best for all parties in giving her consumption.

"I trust that on my return our pleasant acquaintance will be renewed, and that you

and Mr. Stannard will dine with us in the House of Commons early next year."

A daintier, more piquant picture of manners and people than "The Same Thing with a Difference" has not been done by Mrs. Stannard. It is a story of life in a "high-toned" village of the outer circle of suburbdom—far enough out to be in the country. It is part of the story that the people portray themselves. Ten of them tell the story, and reveal to us their own characters exactly while they describe the circumstances attending their neighbours, the Masters, who had come to settle in the village. This is worked out with a humour as exquisite as the machinery of the story is ingenious.

Mrs. Stannard's powers of observation are shown to advantage in the following story, which she used to tell with considerable pride:

"I was going one night to hear Archibald Forbes give a lecture, as I had never heard or

seen the great correspondent before. On the way to the hall, I said to my husband, regarding a man walking before us, 'That man has been in the ranks.' He said 'Why?' I pointed to the position of his hand upon his hips, and said, 'No one but a "ranker" ever carries his hands thus!' My husband laughed, but when Archibald Forbes stepped on the platform, I recognized my friend of the street. Since then most people have learnt that he began life as a cavalry private."

The late Archibald Forbes did not stand alone as a private cavalry soldier who distinguished himself in journalism and letters. Mr. Christie Murray spent some time in the Guards, and everybody has heard of that Private Comberbacke who wrote Greek sentences on the walls of the barracks stables when he should have been grooming his horse, and who turned out to be no other than Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

When the grave Committee of the Royal Society of Literature decided to elect some

women members, Mrs. Stannard was the one to whom election was first offered among women novelists—a compliment which amazed no one more than the recipient. She was never *persona grata* in literary circles, chiefly because she abhorred “talking shop,” and never ranged herself in line with any school or clique—a neglect which doubtless lost her much solid connection and income.

Mrs. Stannard was superbly indifferent to general opinion, and had a wholesome contempt for petty intrigue, as the following correspondence will show.

To Mrs. Stannard.

February 27, 1901.

MADAME,

Information having reached Miss Marie Corelli to the effect that you are, or have been, in correspondence with a person named A. M. de Beck, and have requested him in certain of your letters (which he asserts he holds) to



MR. ELIOT STANNARD AS DON SYLVIO IN "MIDSHIPMAN EASY."

“write against Marie Corelli all he can,” and annoy her, and endeavour to injure her in every possible way, Miss Corelli desires me to write this to you and inquire of yourself if de Beck has any ground for his statements? “Inciting to libel” is such a serious matter, that Miss Corelli, having known you formerly, would be loth to believe you capable of such an act. Miss Corelli’s solicitors are dealing with de Beck, and if you can furnish me with an explicit denial of his assertion, I am sure Miss Corelli will be glad.

Faithfully yours,

L. AUSTIN

(Private Secretary).

May 1, 1901.

DEAR MR. STANNARD,

You promised to give me a call and show me a letter of Miss Marie Corelli’s. I should be much obliged if you would come and see me. It is a matter of great importance to me, since Mrs. Stannard said that in consequence of Miss

Corelli's letter she is obliged to cut me. I am in every morning this week between twelve and one.

Yours faithfully,

A. M. DE BECK.

May 2, 1901.

DEAR MR. DE BECK,

In reply to your note, I will call on you to-morrow morning soon after twelve o'clock. If explanations can prevent discord we shall be very glad. But if the statements recently made on Miss Corelli's behalf (that you profess to hold letters from Mrs. Stannard asking you to write against and annoy her all you can, etc.) have the foundation of truth, undoubtedly the only proper course open to my wife is to decline further acquaintance with you.

As she has never written to you at all, as far as she knows, beyond perhaps sending you an ordinary note of invitation to a party, and as she has no reason to suppose that you would invent malicious lies about her, she did not

think the matter worth even asking you about unless she chanced to meet you.

She considered that if the writer of the letter which reached her on February 28 was really Miss Corelli's secretary—I mean "private" secretary—and was instructed to write as she did, it was no small impertinence on the part of her employer, and she therefore did not take the least notice of the effusion, and has so far heard nothing more of it.

Miss Corelli has for many years enjoyed my wife's friendly acquaintance, and has always acted most becomingly when she has met or written to her, and as far as we know she has never had any cause to do otherwise. You will no doubt remember that the last time we met you (at Mrs. Weedon Grossmith's on January 2) we severely reflected on your action in publishing that article on Miss Corelli's works after you had so conspicuously traded on the then popularity of her name to float your magazine.

We do not pose as Miss Corelli's champions in everything she may do, but we do happen to have taken that attitude in your case, though we admired the clever article *on its own merits*. We thought, and still think, that you had not behaved well to her, supposing the facts were as you stated them.

You certainly treated my wife badly over her contribution to your magazine, and she had every right to resent your procedure. But, as you know, she eventually accepted your assurances that you were free from any intention of injurious behaviour, and like, a good-natured woman, she attributed it to lack of editorial experience, and thought no more of it.

If, as you now suggest, you were incited by Miss Corelli to act as you did, I shall be very glad if you will furnish some indisputable proof of this. I cannot otherwise credit that Miss Corelli would actively exert herself to influence you against another novelist, whose acquaintance she sought and for whom she has

always professed respectful regard. Why should she ?

I have never heard from anyone excepting you that she had any other feeling for my wife. But, of course, if you ever said what her secretary says you did, she might well reverse her sentiments.

If I find that anything Miss Corelli does affects my wife's business interests in any other quarter, as you say was the case with you, I may feel obliged to take serious notice of it; but we are normally peaceful souls who do not yearn for avoidable lawsuits, and, personally, I feel that my wife's general reputation does not need any militant defence on my part. Ill-will is likely to defeat its purpose sufficiently in her case.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR STANNARD.

The matter was quietly settled, and although it caused a breach between the two writers,

Mrs. Stannard was absolutely blameless. In the following letters Miss Corelli shows that years before this unpleasantness she was on the most friendly terms with Mrs. Stannard.

47, LONGRIDGE ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON,

July 11, 1887.

DEAR MRS. STANNARD,

We were so sorry we were obliged to resign the pleasure of visiting you yesterday. On Saturday night we were at a great "Legation crush" and stayed very late—the result being that we were simply knocked up the next day, by fatigue and the heat and the crush, and were quite unfit for society.

Won't you and Mr. Stannard come on Sunday next if you've nothing better to do? It is my last Sunday before slipping off to a rural green retreat on the banks of the Moselle in the heart of the Luxembourg.

Mr. — was too much for you on Friday, wasn't he? He always is too much for me—

but I made an awful mistake this time. He called my attention to a horse and brougham waiting in the road, and said that it was a "superb horse" and a "perfect turn-out"—and I said I didn't think very much of it—I had seen better. Alas ! it was his own brougham and horse that I unconsciously disparaged ! But how was I to guess he liked to praise his own property in public ? Do come on Sunday.

Ever sincerely yours,

MARIE CORELLI.

47, LONGRIDGE ROAD,

EARL'S COURT.

Friday, March 28, 1890.

DEAR MRS. STANNARD,

I am glad you like the "Word about Ouida." It was not written at anyone's suggestion, but simply on my own impulse, and out of a sincere wish to see more true justice done to the powers of so gifted a woman as de la Ramée.

I do not think I shall suffer for "the courage of my opinions," because it is rather difficult to make me suffer! I cannot be intellectually hurt by purely extraneous things—and provided I speak my mind frankly and live in peace with my own conscience, it matters nothing to me what people say or write of my doings. And Press criticism has unfortunately fallen so low in many quarters as to be almost beneath contempt, so that will not affect me. Your kindly and gracious note is in itself a reward.

Sincerely yours,

MARIE CORELLI.

Those who were associated with the Writers' Club in its early days will recall how selflessly Mrs. Stannard strove, as its first President, to give it a broad foundation. She desired that it should be a cheerful place of call "for all women writers whose needs brought them within the weary region of streets," and instituted a weekly day of rendezvous. She attended

every meeting, and always brought some prominent friends "who might be helpful to struggling writers."

At the end of the first year Mrs. Stannard retired from the presidency "in order to prevent the club from being committed to a one-influence gathering."

When Mrs. Stannard joined the executive of the Society of Women Journalists she promoted a policy of professionalism as distinct from cliquism, and made membership a sort of freemasonry which impressed the outer world with the solidarity of women journalists.

During Mrs. Stannard's presidency Santos Dumont was the guest of honour. It was the first occasion on which the great aviator had accepted an invitation from a ladies' club.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt agreed to be the guest of the Society of Women Journalists, but a short time before the date she was mobbed by the members of another club and wrote to Mrs. Stannard cancelling the engagement. Mrs.

Stannard called upon her, and pointed out that it was impossible to do it as four hundred guests had been invited. The divine Sarah gave her an emotional account of the treatment to which she had been subjected, and remained firm in her decision. After much persuasion, however, she relented upon Mrs. Stannard promising that her reception at the Society of Women Journalists would be of a very different nature.

The arrangements were carried out so carefully that Madame Bernhardt was not asked to sign a single autograph book, and on leaving she took Mrs. Stannard impulsively in her arms, kissed her on both cheeks, and assured her that nowhere, either at home or abroad, had she ever been "the lion" in such comfort. That night she sent Mrs. Stannard a photograph of herself, upon which she had written the most affectionate and grateful message.

Sir Henry Irving had a very high regard for Mrs. Stannard's opinions, and never failed to

send her seats for all his first nights, some of which she crossed from Dieppe especially to witness.

At the supper after the production of "King Arthur" he asked Mrs. Stannard her opinion of the play. She told him it would never run. "Why?" asked Sir Henry. "Because," replied Mrs. Stannard, "you have cast yourself for snivelling, whining King Arthur instead of for Lancelot. If you had played Lancelot you would have had an enormous success." Sir Henry looked at her for a moment and then said, "My dear, you are perfectly right. I should have foreseen it."

On the first night of "Robert Macaire," Sir Henry Irving, in the title-rôle, had in one portion of the play to be shot in the face. With his accustomed love of detail, he managed, on turning to the audience again, to give the impression that practically the whole of one side of his face had been shot away. The effect was so ghastly that Mrs. Stannard wrote to him and asked him

to exclude that particular piece of make-up, because if there happened to be any women in the audience who were about to become mothers, the effect of the sudden shock might have the most serious consequences upon the unborn child.

Sir Henry instantly wired his thanks to her and completely modified the facial effect.

Mrs. Stannard was a constant visitor to Johnny Toole, the actor, and she had a very deep affection for the old gentleman, of whom she used to tell an excellent story. One day, when some friends were dining with him, they kept complimenting him on the extremely good assortment of fruit upon the table, and at each compliment he assured them that he grew the fruit in his own garden. Of course he was disbelieved, and thereupon invited them all to come and inspect his fruit trees the following week. The invitation was issued with such a convincing air, that his guests began to take him seriously.

Mrs. Stannard lunched with him before the arrival of the other guests, after which he took her into the garden to divulge the secret. There were luscious pineapples carefully suspended from oak trees, bananas growing on elms, pomegranates from the beeches, and so on; and he assured her that he had risen at four in the morning in order to get all the fruit successfully hung before the arrival of his guests, the majority of whom entered into the spirit of the joke, but two of them were quite disappointed and had to withstand a terrible avalanche of chaff both from Mr. Toole and Mrs. Stannard.

CHAPTER VI

THE ANTI-CRINOLINE CRUSADE

No sovereign has ever ruled with such autocratic despotism as Fashion. His will brooks no opposition. His every whim is law, and its slightest transgression is punished with immediate excommunication.

However much peoples and tribes and races may differ in physiognomy, in religious belief, in degree of civilization, in one thing complete unanimity obtains among them all, and that is a passion for display and ornamentation, a desire to attract the attention, the admiration or envy of their fellow-kind by some showy external decorations.

The history of the crinoline is not particularly ancient; it came in with the general disuse of

the pillion, about 1490, and as speedily went out again, to be revived in a modified form with the starched farthingales of the Elizabethan epoch. The Puritans would have none of it, nor has Pepys any record of the crinoline; but with Anne hoops began to be very assertive, and one has but to glance at the canvasses of Hogarth to note what a hard and fast hold on the ladies of this period hoops had attained. In the earlier days of George III. hoops and headgear had become utterly ridiculous, as may be seen from the prints of Queen Charlotte in full Court attire.

When the unsightly and dangerous crinoline threatened to come into fashion in 1892, Mrs. Stannard formed an Anti-Crinoline League, and in a very short time received nine thousand signatures. She believed that everything must be done by a league or federation; and referred to the curious fact that it is still a "literary gent" who has to originate the matter. So it was in Addison's day, who, like Heine, proved

himself a valiant soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity. His delicate satire had great part, we are told, and can believe it, in checking the immoderate development of the hoop-petticoat. This prototype of the crinoline grew to such an extent that "two lovers aside," as Disraeli sadly observes, "could surely have never taken one another by the hand." Addison had hit upon something in the same train of thought when he said that, "should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to ?) a man and his wife would fill a whole pew."

There is indeed no need to heap up instances of the ugliness and inconvenience of crinoline, hoop, or farthingale.

A suggestion was made in the *Glasgow Echo* that if the crinoline has to be imposed upon us, every woman who wears one should be made to pay for three seats in public conveyances of



MISS MIGNON STANNARD.

To face page 112

every kind, and should be enforced to walk on the street, so as not to interfere with foot passengers.

A gentleman writing to the *St. James's Gazette* said: "We all know that nothing kills so quickly as ridicule, and if the League could see its way to carry out my proposal, I feel no doubt that our sisters and cousins and aunts would speedily be delivered from the threatened monstrosity.

"Let the League employ an army of sandwich-men carrying their boards and arrayed in skirts distended by crinolines of the pattern of thirty years ago—let these figures promenade the fashionable streets of London, and a fatal blow would be at once and for ever delivered, I verily believe. And, to kill two birds with one stone and annihilate another hideous fashion which seems to be coming in again, let each boardman wear a huge chignon with a pork-pie hat at top of all.

"Perhaps, if expense stands in the way of my project, a band of devoted youths eager to

deliver their own and other people's sisters from the hateful hoops might be induced to enrol themselves as honorary members of the League and give their services as amateur board-men. It might cause an obstruction in the street perhaps, but I feel sure the authorities would look with a lenient eye upon a crusade undertaken with so laudable an object, and the public would willingly put up with a slight inconvenience to save themselves much future discomfort.

“I venture to send you this idea of mine, fearing—I tremble to write it—that the pledges of the League, even if published on a postcard, might prove ineffectual were crinolines to appear stamped with the *cachet* of fashion.”

Mrs. Stannard and Viscountess Harberton were at loggerheads as to the best methods to adopt to circumvent the threatened invasion. The Viscountess held that if women really wish to avoid crinolines, the way to do so is not by the formation of leagues. That was tried with regard to the “dress improver” fashion of four

or five years ago, and was absolutely useless. The only way in which the "anti-crinoline" apostles could hope to succeed would be by their beginning at once—each one alone—to refuse to have any skirt made more than three yards in circumference. For without a crinoline the wider skirts are only uncomfortable, but do not look very different when on. And if they will adhere to this until they see that they look odd, considering the pace at which fashions move, they will probably find by that time that the crinoline is "out." But if they submit to a skirt measuring from five to seven yards round, they themselves in self-defence will be only too thankful to adopt a crinoline to lift the weight of these useless yards of material dangling round their legs. As long, however, as such numbers of people buy their dresses ready-made, it is improbable that this or any other means will have much effect in stopping a fashion that is once on its way.

But why do women object to the fashion of

crinolines ? This is really a puzzle which is difficult to answer. Certainly it is ugly, but not more ugly than heaps of other strange vagaries in their clothing which they accept without a murmur. Indeed, in view of the indisputable truth of the adage that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," their dress is always hideous, as all fashions to which our eyes have ceased to be accustomed strike us all directly as the monstrosities they really were. It may be urged that crinolines are cumbrous, and inconvenience others besides the wearers. These considerations, however, do not appear much to matter, as the first might with equal truth be said of dress improvers, and the last of trains. Indeed, unless the crinolines assume the extraordinary dimensions they did in the early '60's, there is a great deal to be said in their favour. As they were born about 1870, they exactly prevented the intolerable nuisance of the heel of the boot perpetually catching in the hem of the dress.

They also enabled the wearers to walk without having to take their choice of holding out their skirts with the hand, or having them plastered with mud in bad weather, as if the skirt just cleared the ground mud was not deposited on it by the heel.

Instead of trying to form leagues for special and petty alterations of clothing, which is always senseless and generally inconvenient, how much more hopeful it would be if the women of England would agree among themselves as to what form of dress they really want to wear, and then stand shoulder to shoulder until they bring it in. This, and this only, will free us from the clique of fashion-mongers referred to by John Strange Winter, and I greatly fear it will never be achieved in any other way.

Viscountess Harberton thought "the only way" to stop the crinoline is for each woman alone to act, not by combination. But she wanted women to be a league to stand "shoulder

to shoulder " for her pet scheme of general dress reform which, if carried out, would dictate to women not only what they should not wear, but what they should !

The *Daily Chronicle*, which supported Mrs. Stannard most heartily, said:

" We trust that all our lady readers, and not a few of those of the other sex, will have perused the account of the interview with John Strange Winter on the subject of the monstrous crinoline. If ever a strike was justifiable it will be a strike of women against this hideous article of attire. Such a strike would be a sort of formal ' declaration of independence ' on the part of the hitherto more slavish sex against a ridiculous caprice of fashion. One might ask why it is necessary that any new fashion in women's dress should come at all. The costumes of the last two or three years have been in the main becoming, some of them having been borrowed from the time when a really artistic

sense prevailed in the centres of European civilization. Why not leave well alone? But if any change is to be made the crinoline is about as bad a change as possible. It is horribly artificial, and is a revival of dress of perhaps the most artificial period of our history. Let anyone look at any old fashion-plates, and say candidly whether he or she likes the rotund appearance of the lower part of a woman's figure. Instead of natural grace and of draperies which help to reveal rather than conceal the excellence of form, we have an ugly distended barrel, a thoroughly anti-natural arrangement. No woman can really admire this, nor would she think of wearing it unless some mysterious decree launched from Paris, by whom no one knows, compelled her to do so. Take again the condition of our London streets, already so crowded that locomotion is rendered difficult, and one's temper is often sorely tried by the perpetual dodging necessary to avoid too close contact with one's fellow-mortals. But if this

is so now, what will it be with thousands of crinolines blocking up Oxford Street and Piccadilly, Holborn and Cheapside ?

“ Additional police would be needed to keep the passage clear during the busy part of the day, and even then, accidents would be perpetually taking place, for the crinoline is not only ugly, it is also a distinct source of danger. Any accident happening to a woman with a crinoline would be likely to be more serious than one happening to a woman naturally and gracefully attired. What we all ought to be striving for is greater simplicity of life, style, and conduct, and anything which makes against simplicity, and which tends to complicate an existence already far too complex, is an evil to be resisted. We trust, therefore, that women will rally round the banner which Mrs. Stannard holds, and will show their sense, their artistic feeling, and their resolve to shake off the insane decrees of anonymous social tyranny, by asserting their independence and their womanhood

against the threatened revival of a hideous and ultra-artificial garb. We make no doubt whatever that in doing so they will have the support and earn the gratitude of nineteen men out of every twenty."

The Countess of Strafford, in congratulating Mrs. Stannard, said that she was very glad to hear of so many persons having joined, and to see it stated in some of the papers that it may now be considered that the fashion will not be adopted. She regretted that the present generation knew nothing of the origin of the "cage" or steel-hooped petticoat. It was not a fashion which was suddenly invented, but which grew out of the exaggeration of an earlier and equally absurd fashion. Mrs. Stannard showed considerable foresight in fighting this objectionable fashion when it possessed the least power of resistance. The tactics of the skilful general who gives battle to a foe ill-entrenched were adopted by her and resulted in a signal triumph of refinement over vulgarity.

CHAPTER VII

LIFE AT DIEPPE

BEFORE Mrs. Stannard went to Dieppe in 1896 she knew very little French, but soon became proficient by attending the auctions at the *Salle des Ventes*, two afternoons a week, and chatting with the buyers.

After a short time many jokes were perpetrated by the auctioneers, who would exhibit little knick-knacks and inform the buyers that they were not expected to bid for them as they were presents for Mrs. Stannard.

It was at these rooms that Mrs. Stannard met a queer but unusually brilliant little individual who was a dispensing pharmacist in Le Pollet—the fishing village built on the other side of Dieppe harbour—and through him she increased

her knowledge of chemistry, French law, and French art.

Mrs. Stannard experienced a "sad failure" at Dieppe, and this was in manufacturing a liqueur from tangerine skins. Six bottles were made, and after maturing for several months, one was opened as a special treat for Christmas. The whole family tasted it, and for some time they struggled violently to regain their breath, and as they wiped away their tears they gave vent to their feelings in language almost as strong as the "Liqueur Tangerine."

The following day a captain of one of the Channel boats called on Mrs. Stannard, and spent the evening, during which the joke about the liqueur was told to him; whereupon he begged to be allowed to taste it. He drank six liqueur glasses of it without turning a hair, and then declared it to be the finest stuff he had ever tasted in his life. That night he departed with bottles sticking out of every pocket, to the great joy of the family.

The only objection which Mrs. Stannard had to Dieppe was that it prevented her at times from attending her favourite theatres in London on the opening nights. In one of her letters Miss Ellen Terry remarks upon Mrs. Stannard's absence.

"Sorry you were not with us the first night of 'Sans Gêne.' Very many thanks for your kindest note and for the wee souvenir of Napoleon. Henry is just splendidly clever in his part—most interesting. As for me, since I'm convinced the time has gone by when I dare do the delicate, intensely enjoyable Olivia sort of parts, this fine-hearted, rough-mannered 'Sans Gêne' helps me along the road to please my dear Public. For as long as those friends want me, I should like to be their devoted servant—even were I eighty !

"I just envy you, my friend, at Dieppe ! Remember me nicely to your husband."

In her pleasing way Mrs. Stannard tells us how to spend a morning in the quaint old Norman town:

“ And now, having settled our family under a roof of their own, and having given them their first breakfast, let us take them out to spend a long morning in Dieppe. There are heaps of things to do. For the dawdler, the idle, and those recovering from illness and not fit to take much exertion, besides the noble Plage and beach there is the town itself, with its quaint old-fashioned streets, its amusing fish-market, its well-stocked shops, and its ordinary array of market-stalls. If it be on a Saturday the Place Nationale, with its superb statue of Duquesne and the lovely church of Saint-Jacques hard by, is one throng of market-stalls, sellers and buyers, while the Grande Rue, the business street, is lined from end to end down both sides with country men and women, who spread out their wares in as tempting array as the swiftly running gutters will permit, and themselves sit solemnly on camp-stools till their baskets are empty, or until the last of their hapless rabbits, ducks, or hens has been taken

away to be foully murdered. On market-days nobody walks on the pavements, but all the world promenades up and down the neatly paved roadways, and those ladies who never attempt to do their own marketing take this opportunity of bargaining for bunches of flowers with which to embellish their rooms.

“Shopping proper . . . and by this I do not mean marketing, is very interesting in Dieppe. Millinery is marvellously cheap and good. For thirty-five francs a bonnet can be bought which would assuredly cost two and a half guineas in London—and, mind you, such a bonnet will be stamped ‘French.’ Jewellery, too, is terribly tempting in Dieppe. I do not know why, but diamonds and other precious stones are very much cheaper in France than in England. As there is no pawn-shop, or *mont-de-piété* nearer than Rouen, people who get themselves into sad straits over the gaming-tables at the Casino, and wish to raise money on their jewels, have to sell their things outright, where

in England they would pawn them. This may perhaps account for the wonderful bargains which may be picked up at the principal jewellers' shop. Then there are one or two very good bric-à-brac shops, conspicuous in which are carved oaken armoires, worn bright by many a decade of polish—quaint old things that have had their place for many and many a year in the old châteaux or great farmhouses of the neighbourhood. They are cheap enough too. One day last week at the Salle des Ventes, or Public Auction Room, I saw a beautiful carved oak armoire, of Louis Seize period, sold for six pounds.

“That same Salle des Ventes is one of the most amusing corners of Dieppe, and nowhere can be seen more easily a glimpse of the inner life of the place. All is conducted with extraordinary politeness and good humour, and such bargains are to be had by those who have patience to await them. I have seen put up and sold there all sorts of things—diamonds,

old silver, cashmeres, ivories, old miniatures, carved oak, old clothes, jam-pots, wine, vinegar, false teeth, a boar's head, old china, children's toys, English and French novels, music, under-clothing, beds and bedding, and all kinds of furniture. I have seen a real old Norman spinning-wheel knocked down for twopence-halfpenny, and a grand Louis Quinze clock sold for ninety pounds. It is a most fascinating place, at once a relaxation and a study.

“ But I am wandering away from my point, which is, how to spend a morning in Dieppe or its neighbourhood. Well, there is the Terrace of the Casino, where the non-energetic can sit, close by the seawall, under a wide awning, and listen to the band, talk, read, work, watch the children disporting themselves on the beach below, or see with intensest amusement the various bathers emerge from little cabins just below the wall of the Terrace, looking quite like classic figures all swathed in their Roman togas, to return presently dripping and dis-



MRS. STANNARD AND NANCY.

To face page 128.

hevelled to seek once more a friendly shelter. The bathers can use the cabins of the *petits bains* at twopence-halfpenny, which are reached from the Plage, or those of the Casino at five-pence, which are approached from the Terrace. These last give the privilege of using the *estacade*, or diving-pier, which runs out into fairly deep water. By the way, two boats with attendants are always stationed just off the shore when the weather is such as to permit bathing.

“But supposing that the family is not entirely composed of either idle or non-energetic people! Well, there is a tennis-club in the Casino grounds, there is a reading-room, with *Punch*, *The Times*, and many other English papers, and outside the Casino there are no end of morning occupations. Part of the family will like to explore the town itself. There is Saint-Jacques, with its beautiful west front, its lovely interior, its many little chapels, especially the Mariner’s Chapel on the north

side of the nave, and its wonderful stone carving like lace-work at the back of the high-altar. There is Saint-Remy, an older church than Saint-Jacques, with its deep-sounding bells and its wonderful organ. The French Protestant Church is not far away, and is well worth a visit; and over the water, in the district known as the Pollet, is a most quaint old church, with priceless paintings, which no one should leave the town without seeing.

“Part of the family will certainly go along the Quai Berigny to see any yachts that may chance to be lying in the Bassin. I have seen eight or nine yachts in harbourage at one time, any one of which was enough to make even a bad sailor wild with envy. I don’t myself know anything about yachting, for a worse sailor than I am probably never drew breath or bolted from the smell of the engines, but I believe (and, mind you, I speak with diffidence and caution) that Dieppe is simply an absolutely perfect abiding-place for the owner of a yacht

who is also a bad sailor. For the Bassin Berigny is a basin within a basin, and although there certainly is a slight rise and fall of the water at high tide when the dock gates open and close, yet a mill-pond could not be more deliciously smooth.

“I may be unjust, but I have seen yachts stick to their moorings for weeks together, only going out on very special occasions for short trips down the Channel. At such times their owners are usually reported to have been let in for terrible weather, and to have been very sorry that they had not stayed in their comfortable quarters in the Bassin Berigny.

“Some of the family may like to spend part of the morning in seeing the cemetery, which is at the top of the Rue Gambetta. I have not seen it myself, for I never go to cemeteries and graveyards if I can avoid doing so, for to me there is nothing so wholly sad as a graveyard in which one has not some personal interest, and to my mind there is sadness enough forced

under one's notice in life without seeking more. The only graveyard that I have seen is that surrounding the church at Varengeville, of which I will speak later on.

“Another part of the family may be less inclined towards melancholy pleasures and may be glad to mount their cycles and go off to the big hotel at Puys for breakfast. Puys is a charming little village of chalets small and large, dotted like dolls' houses along both sides of a steep ravine. There is a sweet little bay, with a hard sand shore—a delightful bathing ground. The big hotel lies just under Cæsar's Camp, and has a fine broad terrace where visitors may have lunch if they like. A good many notabilities stay at Puys. By the way, our own Lord Salisbury had for years a charming chalet at Puys, where he spent every moment he could steal from State affairs.”

A charming compliment was paid to Mrs. Stannard by the inhabitants of Dieppe, who presented her with a diamond marquise ring,

“as a token of their appreciation of her active interest in the town.” In making the presentation, on behalf of the Committee of Publicity, M. Charles Delarne, Conseiller-Général, heartily thanked Mrs. Stannard for having written and induced others to write so favourably about the town, and for her zealous and practical interest in the efforts of those who desired to make Dieppe as attractive as possible to visitors. It was believed by everyone that the great influx of new visitors had been largely due to her influence, and the Committee begged her acceptance of their gift as a sincere though inadequate expression of their appreciation.

In replying, Mrs. Stannard said she could not find words to sufficiently express her thanks for the kind thought which had prompted the Committee to offer her such a beautiful jewel. She felt that she but little deserved the honour they had done her. She owed a debt of gratitude to Dieppe for the marvellous restoration of her husband's health, which she could never

repay. She had tried to spread a knowledge of the town's unique attractions far and wide, and had been generously helped by many journalistic friends. It was a sincere pleasure to know that her efforts had been acceptable and effectual. Though publicity inevitably attracted undesirable as well as desirable visitors, it was only its due that such a town should be widely eulogized.

Upon learning, at a later date, that Mrs. Stannard was returning to London, the Committee of Publicity sent her a charming letter in which they again emphasized their deep appreciation of her many efforts on their behalf during the campaign preparations in 1897.

CHAPTER VIII

MAN *v.* WOMAN

MAN is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by "catch-words," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in his best book of essays. So far is the average man from feeling the sting of this fact that he is as grateful to anybody who will give him a new catch-word as he would be if they were to help him to realize afresh a noble truth. For many years there has been no more popular catch-word in certain circles than the "new woman." Is she a catch-word only? Does she exist? We read of her in almost every issue of every newspaper. She has elbowed her way, into the magazines and high-class reviews, and has kept her place there month after month. Scarcely a man or

a woman who has attained celebrity but has been asked to give an opinion of her. Why is it that the "new woman" has acquired such a vogue? It is true that the toiling millions of Englishwomen do not trouble their brains about her, they are not acquainted with her, they are too busy to understand her speculations. She is a middle-class growth, with a strong sense of caste.

Why is it, we ask, that this rather exclusive, leisured woman, who makes introspection a business, has raised so much noise in the world? It is sometimes asserted that she is only a convenient fiction, serving the purpose of writing-women who have secured a footing on the newspapers. But she must be a good deal more than a convenient personification of the female Bohemian who finds it advantageous to write indirectly of herself, for she is eagerly studied and recognized by tens of thousands of readers of the six-shilling novel. Had it not been that the "new woman" type satisfies

what advertisers call "a felt want," she would hardly have met with so wide a welcome, especially as she was introduced to the world in books clumsily constructed and dull, pervaded by atmosphere of ill-temper, and destitute even of the palliation of brevity.

To make woman rest in the place assigned her, knowledge has been kept from her, the very idylls in which feminine simplicity is mirrored as a thing of beauty speak to the "new woman" of poverty of resource and servitude. Why should not woman know what man knows? she asks. Has she not proved herself intellectually his equal, though all the conditions were against her? Is she not daily holding her own against him in the highest branches of learning to which his jealousy has as yet admitted her? And is it not acknowledged on all hands that emotionally and morally she is his superior? Why should not woman have complete independence, expect nothing at the hand of a man as a concession, but be acknow-

ledged as an equal ? If it is meanly alleged that many women do not reach the standard of man's capacity, is not the reason to be found in the cramping conditions that men have framed as suiting the life of women ? And, if comparisons are to be drawn, what of the roughness of the grain in man, for the most part a creature of animal grossness, who has made for himself a law of laxity in startling contrast to the severe moral perfection which he demands from woman ? These thoughts have rankled into indignation in the mind of the "new woman" until she feels it is her mission to assert herself, to claim her freedom and rights, to teach man his place, to redeem him from his weaknesses, and to raise him to the moral pedestal on which she stands. Then, and not till then, when man is purified and woman is emancipated, will they be able to marry as equals, with love unsullied and without reserve.

Mrs. Stannard maintained that the bitterness of men against women as workers is more pro-

nounced than it has ever been on that point. She really did not think that the mind of man is any more enlightened to-day than it was thirty years ago. In replying to Dr. Chesser in the *Daily Chronicle*, she says:

“There have always been women geniuses, and there always will be. There have always been women whose circumstances compelled them to go out and earn their daily bread, possibly to earn the bread of those dependent upon them. We shall always have sisters that shriek. There will always be men that sneer. Men will always be jealous of women, and women will always be envious of men—that is, as long as there are any men and women, and before the terrible new sex, the third sex, which has all the worst and none of the best of either of the other two, has swallowed up the original samples.

“I confess that Dr. Chesser’s article is not what I should have expected from a woman who has achieved a certain equality with man.

“She says: ‘There are people—mostly women’ (note the sneer at women!) ‘ready to assert and prove that woman is in every sense the superior of her brother. She is, they will say—every man has always acknowledged it—his moral superior.’ Then she asks, ‘Is she? Has she man’s strength of character, man’s power of moral resistance under sudden severe temptation?’

“Then she declares that, given the same temptation, the same circumstances, and in nine cases out of ten, man will prove the stronger.

“I do not see where Dr. Chesser’s grounds for making this assertion are to be found. What does she mean by temptations? Certainly women are physically more virtuous than men, if that is the particular kind of temptation to which she is alluding. As a rule men make a virtue of not resisting such a temptation. Then in the question of money. Well, it is the habit of people who argue on these points to tell us that a woman who goes

a-racing will let her duties slide, and will never pay up if she loses. Now, when you come to think this question out, to take it somewhat below the surface—not very far, but a little way—you will find that the woman who bets does not bet with her personal friends on a race-course. I mean the habitual woman bettor, as a man is an habitual bettor. On the contrary, she has a man—that gentleman residing at Antwerp. She conducts her correspondence by telegram, and she pays as a question of honour if she loses. In fact, I think that she in most cases pays money down in advance, so that there is no question of her defrauding the good gentleman who does for her what she cannot get done in her own country. The feeble feminine thing who makes a small bet in gloves—probably at the invitation of some favoured gallant, who tells her if she loses—is of course the purely feminine die-away, illogical, absurd person who flourished in the good old days before women had thought of emancipating

themselves. But such women will exist to the end of time, and men will love them—some men—and if they are well enough loved they will perhaps have chosen the better part.

“ But with regard to these temptations which women yield to more easily—Dr. Chesser puts it at nine out of ten—than men. What are they ? Is it drink ? I am afraid that some women drink, but then they always did, and probably they always will. I have heard it asserted that women drink secretly. Well, certainly there are not as many women charged with being drunk and disorderly in the course of the year in the London police-courts, as there are men who find themselves in that degrading and uncomfortable position. I once heard of a woman of decent position, of some attainments, who was found helplessly drunk in the street at eleven o'clock in the morning, but I have never seen in my life a woman, presumably a lady, drunk in the streets. Yet three days ago I happened on a man—very smart, very

happily placed, not only married, the father of a dear little child, the husband of a simply adoring wife, a fine man physically and good looking enough. I should say he was not more than forty years old, and I happen to know that he was the hero of a very pretty romance—in short, a very interesting person. When I met him three days ago he was simply blind to the world, and was being taken home by a perfect stranger, who had picked him up at Charing Cross, and had good-naturedly brought him home, thinking that he would in that neighbourhood be stripped of everything that he had about him, unless some good Samaritan took pity on him. He was so blind to the world, that he did not recognize me, but his protector, having seen him home, came and explained the circumstances to me, having gathered at a glance that I knew who he was. I may say that the time was about five in the afternoon. I wonder if his wife would have resisted the same temptation less well ?

“We will take another point. How often do you find a woman charged with defrauding her employers? Is it because she is so clever that she never gets found out, or is it that she resists the temptation of appropriating other people’s money to herself? I have known a woman in such a case—a very clever woman too, not a genius, not a person at all likely to set the world on fire. She was a woman in a shop, and she picked a bit here and there—little feminine fripperies which appealed to her.

“But what other temptations are there? Virtue, money, drink—I think these comprise the three chief temptations of men. Of course a man is considered a howler if he is shifty in money matters; it is quite the unforgivable sin. Of the other two, it is seldom that he ever tries to withstand them.

“I agree with Dr. Chesser that man has more push and that he can fight for what he wants better than a woman, but I disagree with that assertion that the normal woman is not a

fighter. There I think Dr. Chesser is entirely mistaken. It only depends on what the woman is fighting for. If it is home, mother, or children, I will back her against any man that ever was born. I deny absolutely that woman puts her work second to her emotional interests. The very young woman may put her love affairs first, but as a rule it is not the very young man who 'concentrates himself on his work to the exclusion of all else'—not, I mean, the man of the same age as the young woman who sets her love affairs in a paramount position.

"Then Dr. Chesser says that 'the average woman has not man's perseverance, hopeless odds, and overwhelming difficulties. She loses heart sooner, she is more unstable.' This I absolutely deny *in toto*. Good heavens! There are millions of women in England to-day with whom perseverance is a religion, and who work fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen hours out of the twenty-four silently, uncomplainingly—I may say, hopelessly. Yet they do not give in, they

work on. Their work does not count, they make no splash, yet, take them away, and the whole fabric of life, of which they are the centre, falls hopelessly to pieces.

“ Women less persevering than men ! Women not able to fight against odds ! Dr. Chesser must have been born blind. That women lose heart sooner than men is preposterous. Go back, my reader, to your own mother, or grandmother, over your own experience. Why, women will hope on, win through, encourage man when he is nearest to collapse. How many times have you heard a man say, ‘ I never should have kept on but for the missis,’ ‘ I never should have done it but for my wife.’

“ Take the suicides that are recorded day by day in our newspapers. How many times do women commit suicide because they have lost heart and cannot play the game or keep up the fight any longer ? More often than men ? I think not. Yet every day you will find

somewhere records of men who throw up the sponge in despair."

Mrs. Stannard openly defended the "unwritten law," which she considered not only justifiable, but sometimes even "glorious." She regretted the abolition of the duella as it drove men who quarrel to the courts, which is a way of settling things "not as clean as those which used to be taken in the old days."

If the case involves woman's name or honour the publicity of the law courts is likely to leave her with a reputation somewhat blown. This can only be avoided in certain instances by recourse to "direct" instead of "official means" of rectification. That is, by an appeal to the "unwritten law." To quote her remarks on the English attitude in this matter:

"Since duelling went out of fashion, or, more correctly, was put down by the strong hand of the great Duke of Wellington, the standard of honour in this country has been entirely altered. It is not now as high as it might be.

“It is somehow more in accord with one’s sense of class, of dignity, and of manliness that a man, for instance, should resent any tampering with his wife’s honour by direct rather than by official means, and it is, in a certain sense, pitiful that a man should avenge his own honour by literally dragging his wife’s name through the mud.

“It may be in some eyes a confession of weakness, even a going back on one’s morals, but I must own to a feeling that even in the case of an erring wife it is regrettable that there should be any necessity for setting her up in a moral and social pillory to be gibbeted before the whole world. Better far the old way in which the wronged man promptly went out and killed the other.”

Mrs. Stannard thought that the English law is quite too severe and inexorable in murder cases. There is not sufficient allowance made for motives, instigations, the force of indignation, and the sense of outrage and dishonour.

English judges seem to make no discrimination in the matter. Thus:

“ I think it is much to be regretted that in England we do not borrow some of the wisdom of the French.

“ For instance, we make practically no difference between a person who commits a foul murder, deliberate and cold-blooded, for pure motives of greed, and a man or woman who, in the heat of passion, brings to an end the life of one who has dishonoured the home, broken the life's happiness of several persons, and, indeed, created a small social earthquake. I have always thought the French ‘ extenuating circumstances ’ so full of wisdom.”

CHAPTER IX

MRS. STANNARD GOES INTO TRADE

WHEN Mrs. Stannard followed the example of another well-known novelist and turned her favourite hobby of making effective toilet preparations into a business, she naturally exposed herself to a great deal of criticism and misrepresentation.

At first a good many people were quite hostile. Mrs. Stannard admitted that they had a right to their opinions, but she thought it was hard to see why a writer should not sell lotions as well as books. Two dear women in business, who started out to sell her preparations, had to desist because important clients threatened to go elsewhere if her things were sold. On the other hand, a great many people felt that what Mrs. Stannard was selling must be worth

trial, while others didn't care who made the lotions as long as they were good, and these she said were her best customers.

A gentleman, in complimenting the *Academy* on their witty forecast of what may follow from the fact that "authors of the most artistic reputation are beginning to make terms with the spirit of the commercial age in which they live," says it is more likely to be realized than they imagine. For what author with brains enough to become popular is likely to refrain from seeking more lucrative occupation than novel-writing, now that free libraries are so worked as to deprive popular wholesome novelists—perhaps the most beneficent class on earth—of more than half their accustomed incomes?

I make no complaint; I merely hint a sad fact. It is a delightful thing for the swarming hard-working middle classes to have the best and most improving fiction of the world always "on tap"—for nothing. No wonder librarians

can proudly point to such huge "appreciation of the lending department"—always due, by the way, mainly, if not wholly, to a copious supply of novels! But what is clearly a boon to the public is virtually ruin to the leading producers of those very books.

In a few years' time, if the present system continues, not a novelist with brains enough to earn a living at anything else will be writing novels (excepting, perhaps, as a recreation, just as John Strange Winter formerly made her notable toilet preparations to which you refer). No, these gifted artists, to whom all the world owes continual pleasure, will either be writing clever, mischievous, risky books that even predatory library committees dare not take, or they will be getting a living proportionate to their talents at something else. It is comparatively easy to write "screedy" or "doubtful" books, but, as a choice of evils, some authors would rather sell soap. That at least makes cleanliness!

A man or woman who can write popular novels necessarily knows more of human nature, and has more common sense and ability than the average person, and is not likely to sit down and starve because times change—though many may suffer sorely while adjusting themselves to the new order of things. It is, of course, always sad when a profession will not last out the natural lifetime of its most honoured members. But “progress”—especially the “progress” expressed in giving the masses a complete education in modern novels, free of all cost—is not to be had without hurting someone or other. Is it not the common sequence of “progress”?

Perhaps you will say, why this outburst? Sir, I think you will find, if you institute impartial inquiries, that practically all free libraries have been compelled, in order to avoid utter collapse, to dower their shelves copiously with the best, or rather the most popular, modern novels. By this course, and by this alone, have

the people at large been induced to make use of the means of self-culture so lavishly thrust upon them, with the best intention in the world, by well-meaning enthusiasts. If free libraries had had to win support on their merits unaided by novels and Mr. Carnegie, how many would be open to-day? Those that could survive would be doing good work, of course, and would be valued centres for students, instead of being mere fiction depots in which the scholar is of daily decreasing importance.

As it is, the modern popular novel furnishes the alluring bait, and the grim effect is that the popular novelist can no longer sell the intermediate editions of his books, which but a few years ago constituted the greater part of his income—and the pleasanter part, as there was no fresh creative work to do for it. To-day, though he may sell better than ever at 6s. he will not sell enough to pay expenses if he produces editions at 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., or 1s. He can only sell in a cheap edition at 6d., yielding

but a pittance to the author, and even that at the cost of much prestige. The bulk of the faithful readers, who once eagerly bought each work when published at intermediate rates, are now the backbone of the free libraries, and have already read the novel in 6s. form—for nothing. They no longer accumulate little shelves of this or that author at 2s. 6d. They can read every one now in the original edition, and at any time, simply by asking at the free library. If the latest novel is not yet in stock they have only to repeat inquiries a few times. Then the watchful committee, ever anxious to encourage good reading, will buy the book from some remainderman, or from Smith's or Mudie's surplus stocks, for a tiny price (of which no part will reach the author), and henceforth the free library frequenter can browse for ever on the bright author's brains—for nothing.

This is no fancy picture—it is what is happening more or less all over the kingdom. The creative worker is being surely sweated out of

comfortable existence, on one side by the philanthropic socialism which uses his work for nothing, and on the other by clever trusts which narrow his market and force down his prices to hack rates unless he is very much "in the air." At present this precious free library policy does not hurt the new author—indeed, it is a temporary advantage to him, as he gets more widely and more quickly known than under former conditions. It is only the tried and valued experts who are squeezed out of accustomed earnings, by their very success in winning admirers through their consummate art!

Is it any wonder if these turn to other pursuits? It is all very well with Mr. Barrie, who had luck with plays, and with John Strange Winter, who chanced to have the power of making effective toilet preparations, which are at least as necessary to the world as light reading. But what of the others? It is a serious outlook for them unless they are content to earn less and less.

Of course, I am aware that many other subtle influences have affected the book market during the last decade, but I think I could demonstrate, if it were worth while, that the free library policy of exploiting modern novels has done far more than everything else put together to reduce the status and earnings of our most desirable novelists, and to drive them either into sensationalism or into trade.

As I said, therefore, I make no complaint, but I suggest very seriously that a policy which penalizes the tried expert and unduly favours the new-comer (who may never become an expert) is not likely to ensure a supply of high-class fiction in years to come. It would be a slight relief if free library committees refused to admit any work of fiction that had not been published, say, twenty years. That would give the author time to make his harvest out of it before being robbed. But would it leave free libraries with any frequenters ?

Mrs. Stannard held that her lotions not only

improved the looks of those who used them, but their incomes as they got older, by keeping their hair and skin in good order, and thereby enabling them to maintain a more youthful appearance. She did not suggest that any woman should spend the greater part of her time at the toilet table. But in the natural order of things, a woman must give some time to her toilette, and she will gain most by using the very best preparations she can get.

Mrs. Stannard was the last woman in the world to encourage mere vanity, but reasonable care of appearance was, to her mind, one of the leading duties of every woman—and man too, for that matter. It helps one to fill any conceivable position more efficiently, and there is no over-estimating its importance. I think people of all classes recognize that.

Mrs. Stannard owed too much to her toilet preparations not to be honestly proud of them, and it is surely no mean compliment to her

ability in this direction to be awarded gold medals by the Colonial and Indian Exhibition held in London in 1905, the International Food Exhibition held in Paris in 1906, the Food and Health Exhibition held in London in 1906, the International Hygiene Exhibition held in Vienna in 1906, the Dravel Exhibition held in London in 1907, and the Festival of Empire held in London in 1911.

It was owing to a confluence of untoward circumstances that Mrs. Stannard went into the trade. When the vogue of the shilling book showed unmistakable signs of waning, she decided to start a paper as a permanent source of income. It was a well-intentioned error of judgment, too tenaciously persevered with till the limits of her credit were strained and Mr. Stannard's health utterly failed.

Then her publishers went bankrupt, and she found herself heavily in debt and an unsecured creditor for a very large amount. From a merely business point of view she should then

have sought the relief of bankruptcy. Instead, she faced the heavy task of endeavouring to work off her losses and to her eternal honour did so to a great extent through her toilet preparations.

MRS. STANNARD CROSSES THE
SILENT OCEAN

ON my return to London in 1911 from a lengthy tour in India, I wrote to Mrs. Stannard telling her of my experiences in that mysterious and fascinating Empire, and to my great surprise received the following sad letter:

YORK HOUSE, HURLINGHAM GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.

September 12, 1911.

MY DEAR OLIVER BAINBRIDGE,

It is with real regret that I must ask you to realize that nothing but sheer physical inability to leave my bed keeps me from going to pay you the pleasant duty of a visit. I am, however, absolutely helpless, and what it costs

me to write this with my own hand, no one but myself will ever, or can ever, know. I see no prospect of being able to go to see you at present. God only knows when this calamity will be over.

Till we can meet all my greetings and good wishes to you.

Your sincere friend,

HENRIETTA E. V. STANNARD.

A few weeks later I was compelled to leave for the United States, and on December 14 I learned from the morning papers that the cold purple finger of Death had closed her eyes in the long sleep.

John Strange Winter had crossed the Silent Ocean in the swift-sailing canoe to Spirit Land. I did not commiserate. I congratulated her, for she had escaped from her suffering and had acquired a sacred dignity in my eyes, for is it not true that although she had not reached the evening of life all things were known to her ?

SHE CROSSES THE SILENT OCEAN 163

In God's light, death is life, and loss gain, and sorrow joy to the Christian. I have this bright hope in me, and she had.

May she enjoy pleasure proportionable to the good she has done now that her cares are at an end—her voyage done.

Selections from the Author's Writings.

Selections from the Author's Writings.

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"Mr. Bainbridge's book, which has the merit of dealing with India in rather a different way from the conventional tone of travel, contains a great deal of valuable information and offers a splendid testimonial to British rule."—THE RT. HON. EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S WRITINGS

for the pleasure of feeling they are important and who mistake noise and opposition for wisdom, and self-assertion for charity to others."—**LADY RITCHIE (ANNE THACKERAY).**

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